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73

## ¶ Misapprehension.

Men. are not wiser in their True Interests,  
 Nor in the Worth of what they long possess  
 They know no more what is their Own  
 Than they the Value oft have known.

69

They pine in Misery,  
 Complain of Poverty,  
 Reap not where they have sown,  
 Grieve for Felicity,  
 Blaspheme the Deity;  
 And all because they are not blest  
 With Eys to see the Worth of Things:  
 For did they know their Reall Interests;  
 No doubt they'd all be Kings.

74

There's not a Man but courts & desires  
 A Kingdom, yea a World; nay, he aspires  
 To all the Regions he can spy  
 Beyond the Heavns Infinity:  
 The World too little is  
 To be his Sphere of Bliss;  
 Eternity must be  
 The Object of his View  
 And his Possession too;  
 Or els Infinity's a Dream  
 That quickly fades away; He loves  
 All Treasures; but he hates a failing Stream  
 That dries up as it moves. Can

x

# *Traverne's Poems of Felicity*

Edited from the M<sup>S</sup>. by  
H. I. BELL



*At the Clarendon Press*

MCMX

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# CONTENTS

*(Poems marked with an asterisk are not in Dobell)*

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION . . . . .	vii
POEMS OF FELICITY	
*The Dedication . . . . .	xxxv
*The Author to the Critical Peruser . . . . .	xxxvii
*The Publisher to the Reader . . . . .	xl
The Salutation . . . . .	i
Wonder . . . . .	3
Eden . . . . .	5
Innocence . . . . .	7
*An Infant-Ey . . . . .	10
*The Return . . . . .	12
The Præparative . . . . .	13
The Instruction . . . . .	15
The Vision . . . . .	16
The Rapture . . . . .	19
News . . . . .	20
*Felicity . . . . .	22
*Adam's Fall . . . . .	23
*The World . . . . .	25
*The Apostacy . . . . .	29
*Solitude . . . . .	32
*Poverty . . . . .	37
*Dissatisfaction . . . . .	39
*The Bible . . . . .	43
*Christendom . . . . .	43
*On Christmas-Day . . . . .	48
*Bells. I . . . . .	52
*Bells. II . . . . .	54
*Churches. I . . . . .	56
*Churches. II . . . . .	57
*Misapprehension . . . . .	59
The Improvement . . . . .	61
*The Odour . . . . .	64
*Admiration . . . . .	67

# Contents

	PAGE
The Approach . . . . .	69
Nature . . . . .	71
Eas . . . . .	74
Dumnefs . . . . .	75
My Spirit . . . . .	78
Silence . . . . .	82
*Right Apprehension . . . . .	85
Right Apprehension. II . . . . .	88
Fulnefs . . . . .	89
Speed . . . . .	90
The Choice . . . . .	92
The Person . . . . .	94
The Estate . . . . .	97
*The Evidence . . . . .	99
The Enquiry . . . . .	100
*Shadows in the Water . . . . .	101
*On Leaping over the Moon . . . . .	104
*Sight . . . . .	108
*Walking . . . . .	111
*The Dialogue . . . . .	113
*Dreams . . . . .	114
*The Inference. I . . . . .	117
*The Inference. II . . . . .	119
*The City . . . . .	121
*Infatiablenefs. I . . . . .	124
*Infatiablenefs. II . . . . .	125
*Consummation . . . . .	126
*Hofanna . . . . .	129
*The Review. I . . . . .	131
*The Review. II . . . . .	133
NOTES . . . . .	135

## FACSIMILES

Plate I: Burney MS. 392, p. 59 . . . . .	<i>Frontispiece</i>
Plate II: Letter of Philip Traherne, Add. MS. 22910, f. 525 . . . . .	<i>To face p. xxxii</i>

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

(*Poems marked with an asterisk are not in Dobell*)

	PAGE
A leained & a happy Ignorance	5
A quiet silent Person may possess	82
*A simple Light from all Contagion free	10
*As in the House I fate	37
But shall my Soul no Wealth possess	97
But that w <sup>ch</sup> most I wonder at, w <sup>ch</sup> most	7
*Can Human Shape so taking be	67
*David a Temple in his Mind conceiv'd	119
*Did I grow, or did I stay	131
Flight is but the Præparative : the Sight	16
*From Clay, & Mire, & Dirt, my Soul	54
*Giv but to things their tru Esteem	85
*God made Man upright at the first	23
*Hark! hark, my Soul! the Bells do ring	52
*His <i>Word</i> confirms the Sale	99
*How desolate!	32
How easily doth <i>Nature</i> teach the Soul!	74
How like an Angel came I down!	3
*I saw new Worlds beneath the Water ly	104
*If I be like my God, my King	146
If this I did not evry moment see	88
*In Cloaths confin'd, my weary Mind	39
*In unexperienc'd Infancy	101
*Men are not wise in their Tru Interest	59
Men may delighted be with Springs	100
*Mine Infant-Ey	108
My Body being dead, my Limbs unknown	13
*My Child-hood is a Sphere	133
My naked simple Life was I	78
News from a forein Country came	20



# Index of First Lines

	PAGE
*No more shall Walls, no more shall Walls confine	129
*No Walls confine! Can nothing hold my Mind?	124
*One Star	29
*Prompted to seek my Bliss above the Skies	22
*Shall Dumpish Melancholy spoil my Joys	48
Spew out thy Filth, thy Flesh abjure	15
Sure Man was born to meditat on things	75
Sweet Infancy!	19
That Childish Thoughts such Joys inspire	69
That <i>Custom</i> is a Second <i>Nature</i> , we	71
That Light, that Sight, that Thought	89
*That! That! There I was told	43
*The faithful Watch-man being gon to rest	(Introductory)
The liquid Pearl in Springs	90
*The naked Truth in many faces shewn	(Introductory)
*The Thoughts of Men appear	126
*These Hands are Jewels to the Ey	64
These little Limbs	1
*This busy, vast, enquiring Soul	125
*Those stately Structures w <sup>ch</sup> on Earth I view	56
'Tis more to <i>recollect</i> than <i>make</i> ; the one	61
*'Tis strange! I saw the Skies	114
*To GOD, my Sov'raign Lord	(Introductory)
*To Infancy, O Lord, again I com	12
*To <i>walk</i> abroad is, not with Eys	111
*Well-guided <i>Thoughts</i> within possess	117
*Were there but one alone	57
*What Structures here among God's Works appear!	121
*When <i>Adam</i> first did from his Dust arise	25
When first <i>Eternity</i> stoopt down to <i>Nought</i>	92
*When first mine Infant-Ear	43
*Why dost thou tell me that the fields are mine?	113
Ye sacred Limbs	94

## INTRODUCTION

THE discovery by Mr. Bertram Dobell ten years ago<sup>1</sup> of the poems of Thomas Traherne was one of the most striking literary sensations of recent times; and though Mr. Dobell's estimate of Traherne's poetical merits was far too high, it would doubtless be admitted by all that the publication of the poems (to say nothing of the still more notable *Centuries of Meditations*) has made a real addition to English literature. Traherne is a writer of such interest and originality that any facts throwing light on his history, intellectual development, or methods of work, and especially any additions to his literary remains, are to be welcomed. Such an addition is made by the present volume, which contains not only a considerably altered text of various poems found in Mr. Dobell's edition, but also thirty-eight<sup>2</sup> hitherto unpublished poems.

That a further discovery of Traherne's work should have been made ten years after Mr. Dobell's announcement of his find would in any case be somewhat remarkable; but it is the more so because the volume containing these poems has been for nearly a century accessible to the public in the British Museum. It is Burney MS. 392, which in the Catalogue of the Burney MSS. (1834) is fully catalogued as follows:—  
'392. Paper, small 8vo., pp. 133, xvii. Cent. 6. Poems of

<sup>1</sup> More exactly, the announcement of the discovery, \* *Athenaeum*, April 7 and 14, 1900. The MSS. came to light in 1896 or 1897. First edition of the poems, 1903. In the present volume this is throughout referred to as 'Dobell'.

<sup>2</sup> Thirty-nine including the cancelled one on p. 146; also two poems by Philip Traherne.

Felicity, containing divine reflections on the native objects of an infant eye, by Tho Traheron B.D, Author of the Roman Forgeries and Christian Ethics," with a dedication in verse by Philip Traheron.' References to the volume appear both in the printed index to the Arundel and Burney MSS and in the MS. index to the 'Class Catalogue' in the MSS. Students' Room; and it is certainly extraordinary that neither Mr. Dobell in his laborious search for means of identifying the writer of his MSS.<sup>1</sup> nor any of the numerous readers of his edition should have lighted upon it.

The British Museum MS., which was accidentally discovered by the present editor while searching for something else, is, as has been said, a MS. of the Burney collection, which was acquired by the Museum in 1818. There is unfortunately no indication as to the source from which Burney obtained it, but since it is in the handwriting of the poet's brother, Philip Traherne, to whom Thomas left his library,<sup>2</sup> and who died in 1723, it was presumably in his possession during his lifetime. Dobell states (p. lxxxiv) that the Traherne MSS. seem to have belonged to a family called Skipp, living at Ledbury, in Herefordshire; and he adds, 'in their hands they probably rested down to the year 1888, when it seems that the property belonging to the family was dispersed.' If he is right in this supposition, it follows that Burney MS. 392 and the two other Traherne MSS. to be mentioned later must have become separated from the rest of the collection, either at Philip Traherne's death or at some subsequent time not later than the early years of the nineteenth century.

<sup>1</sup> In the MSS. acquired by Mr. Dobell and containing both the poems and the prose *Centuries of Meditation* the author's name does not appear

<sup>2</sup> See his will, Dobell, p. 168.

## Introduction

ix

It has been said that the MS. is in the hand of the poet's brother Philip; and it seems worth while to collect here such facts as have come to light concerning him. Search has been made only in the more accessible sources, and doubtless it would be possible by more extended investigation to discover further facts; but for the present it seems sufficient to record those already discovered. This will give any subsequent searcher some indication of possible sources of information, which may perhaps be found to throw light also on the more important life of the poet himself.

In the poem entitled *On Leaping over the Moon* the poet speaks of a similar experience which had befallen his brother,

Just such another  
Of late my Brother  
Did in his Travel see, & saw by Night,  
A much more strange & wondrous Sight:  
Nor could the World exhibit such another,  
So Great a Sight, but in a Brother.

The brother referred to is no doubt Philip Traherne, since it nowhere appears that the poet had more than one brother. It is therefore to Philip that reference is made in a later verse of the same poem:—

To the same purpos; he, not long before  
Brought home from Nurse, going to the door  
To do som little thing  
He must not do within,  
With Wonder cries,  
As in the Skies  
He saw the Moon, *O yonder is the Moon*  
*Newly com after me to Town,*  
*That shin'd at Lugwardin but yesternight,*  
*Where I enjoy'd the self-same Light.*

This suggests that the family may have had some connexion  
with

## *Introduction*

with Lugwardine, near Hereford, and it is possible that search in the parish registers there would throw light on their origin, perhaps even on the date of the poet's birth.<sup>1</sup> It is not clear whether Philip was the younger brother, but this is perhaps a likely conjecture.

On the title-page of the poems Philip Traherne describes himself as B.D.; and so he appears in *Graduati Cantabrigienses* (1823), p. 476, 'Traheron, Phil. S.T.B. 1670.' No college is given, and since, as will appear presently, the degree of B.D. was conferred on him by Royal Mandate, and his name does not occur in Foster's *Alumni Oxonienses*, it seems likely that he did not graduate at either University.<sup>2</sup> He was in holy orders by 1664, if a letter contained in Harl. MS. 3784 (f. 179) is really by him. This, which is addressed to Dr. Sancroft, then Dean of York, is dated 'Mountague Court, May 23, 1664,' and reads as follows:—

'Reverend Sr

At Mr Blemel's Request I have adventured to trouble you this third time; Who (by me) p<sup>re</sup>sents his most humble Service to you, and entreats this favo<sup>r</sup> at yo<sup>r</sup> hands (if it may

<sup>1</sup> Another possible place of origin for the family is the above-mentioned Ledbury. The parish registers from 1556-76 have been published by the Parish Register Society (1899), and in the index three Skippes and four Treynes (*sic*, also Treherne) appear. See Dobell, p. xix. Harl. MS. 6135 contains (ff 15-18) extracts from Lugwardine registers for the sixteenth, seventeenth, and early eighteenth centuries, but they relate only to the families of Walwyn, Hereford, and Hopton.

<sup>2</sup> A letter from him to Covell, Master of Christ's College, in which he speaks of 'the Obligations I received at your hands in Christ-Colledg' (Add. MS. 22910, f. 519b) suggested to me that he might have been an undergraduate at that college (Covell graduated from Christ's in 1658); but the present Master, Dr. Peile, to whom I applied for information, kindly informed me that no such name as Philip Traherne occurs in the college books.

## Introduction

xi

consist w<sup>th</sup> yo<sup>r</sup> good pleasure), That when yo<sup>u</sup> shall see my L<sup>d</sup> B<sup>pp</sup> of London, yo<sup>u</sup> would vouchsafe to mention, (on his & my behalf) the greatness of his Age, & Sufferings, also his readiness to execute his L<sup>d</sup>s Commands, but that he is rendred unable to perform the whole duty incumbent on him alone by reason of the Infirmities of his Years, or to maintain a preaching Curate for want of Maintenance; to supply both which defects he is pleased to elect me as one whom he esteems a meet Assistant for him both, in Conformity & Conversation, if it shall please my Lord to grant him this Priviledg, by empowering me w<sup>th</sup> a Licence thereunto: I hope yo<sup>r</sup> great Humanity will pardon this last though not least Presumption of

Your much obliged and  
most gratefull Servant  
PHILIP TRAHERN.'

The Mr. Blemel mentioned here was probably the John Blemell, M.A., who, according to Hennessy's *Novum Repert. Eccles. Paroch. Londinense* (1898, p. 84), became rector of Allhallows' the Great on Aug. 27, 1662, and died on Jan. 1, 1665<sup>5</sup>. We may probably infer from the letter that its writer was a young man and but recently ordained. Was he the same as the Philip Traherne of Burney MS. 392? That he was is a natural inference, since Traherne was not a specially common name, and it would be a somewhat striking coincidence to find at about the same period two Philip Trahernes, both in Orders\* and both presumably fairly young men; for it seems certain that the poet's brother must at this date have been still quite young. The objection to the identification is that the letter is in a different style of hand from that of Burney MS. 392 and of two letters by its writer, dated in 1701, to be mentioned later. This, however, is not quite so serious an objection as it would at first appear. The general appearance of the

the

## *Introduction*

the hand, apart from single letters, is not unlike that of the MSS. referred to; and, more important, the difference of single letters is due simply to the fact that this particular document (which is very carefully written) is in a formal semi-gothic script, whereas the two later letters and Burney MS. 392 (also certainly later) are in the italic hand which was by this time superseding the earlier gothic. It was a not uncommon practice to employ both types of hand concurrently; and as a matter of fact, in this very letter the proper names, subscription, and address are written in the italic hand, and that a hand not unlike the hand of Burney MS. 392. That the latter is in fact a later development of the hand seen in Harl. MS. 3784, f. 179, is strongly suggested by the facts to be recorded next.

Hennessy's *Nov. Repert.* above referred to contains on p. 105 the name of Philip Traherne as perpetual curate of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate. He was admitted on June 19, 1666.<sup>1</sup> Hennessy does not give the date of his vacation of the cure, but the next perpetual curate he records is Adam Littleton, S.T.P., admitted on May 20, 1685.<sup>2</sup> The Vestry Books of St. Botolph's are preserved, along with other records of the church, in the Guildhall Library; and in that which covers the years 1651-78 (Guildhall MS. 1453 (2)) appears the following entry<sup>3</sup>:—

'June 27<sup>o</sup>: 1666. It is this day Ordered, That the sum of 13£,, 6,, 8 being Tamworth's gift for Reading Divine Service on the Week-Days, & the sum of 10£ as Additional thereto for

<sup>1</sup> Vicar-General's Books (Somerset House), Exton, p. 45. He was licensed 'ad peragendum officium curati'.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 259 Hennessy gives the date March 27, and omits the degree (S T. P.).

<sup>3</sup> No page reference can be given, since the folios of the MS. are not (at present) numbered.

## *Introduction*

xiii

Reading on Sundays, & writing Parish Books, shall be paid yearly to Philip Traheron by the Churchwarden for the time being; to be divided into four æqual Portions, & paid at the four usual quarterly ffeasts . . . Together with the Sum of 12£ as a Donative from Mr. Wells the present Minister, to be paid yearly to the abovenamed P: Traheron in æqual portions, at the four fore-mentioned Seasons. And for further Expectations the said P: Traheron doth refer himself to the Bounty of the Parish.'

This entry is written in a hand which has not previously occurred in the book, and the next minute in order of date (Aug. 27, 1666) is in the same hand. In the following one (Sept. 28, 1666) a new hand appears, and in the next (Oct. 14, 1666) a third, and the hand of the minute relating to Traherne does not occur again. The minute of Oct. 14 records, in wording very similar to that above quoted, the appointment of a certain James Clifford to perform the duties previously undertaken by Traherne<sup>1</sup>; and the inference suggests itself that the minute relating to the latter and that which follows it are in Traherne's own hand. Now not only does the general appearance of this hand recall that of Burney MS. 392 (which, as already said, is not unlike that of Harl. MS. 3784,

<sup>1</sup> In the churchwarden's accounts (Guildhall MS. 1455 (1)), under the year 1666-7, is an entry 'To M<sup>r</sup> Traheron for writinge the parish bookes before Midsomer'. Next year we find 'three quarters Sallary allowed by order of Vestry' to Mr. Clifford, and in following years he receives a year's salary each time. The Mr Wells mentioned above is given as Traherne's predecessor at St. Botolph's by Hennesy; but he seems to have continued to have some connexion with the church even after Traherne's appointment, since his name constantly occurs in following years in the Vestry Books; cf. too the reference to him as 'the present Minister' in the passage quoted above. The exact position of Traherne at St. Botolph's seems indeed somewhat obscure; perhaps simply assistant to Wells?



f. 179), but several of the single letters, notably capital *T* and *P*, are identical in form with those used by Philip Traherne, the brother of the poet. On the other hand, most of the letters which differ from those in Burney MS. 392 are of the gothic type seen in Harl. MS. 3784, f. 179; and it seems a very probable conclusion that the writer is the same person throughout, Guildhall MS. 1453(2) representing an intermediate stage between Harl. MS. 3784, f. 179, and Burney MS. 392.

It may be taken, then, as at least provisionally established, that our Philip Traherne was in orders in 1664, was in that year appointed assistant to the rector of Allhallows the Great, and in 1666 became perpetual curate (perhaps as assistant to Wells?) of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate. It may further be inferred that he had not long been in orders at the time of his letter to Sancroft, and perhaps that he was ordained in London. This last suggestion might have been tested by a reference to the Bishop of London's Ordination Books, which would possibly have thrown light also on Traherne's family; but unfortunately the Ordination Books for the period 1628-75 appear to be missing.<sup>1</sup>

How long Traherne remained at St. Botolph's I have been unable to discover. The parish registers preserved at the church are not in his hand, and his name appears but once, namely, on Feb. 2, 1668, in connexion with a licence for a marriage; but in 1669 he once more comes into view, and this time there is no room for doubt that it is the brother of the poet with whom we have to deal. In the Court Book of the Levant Company,<sup>2</sup> under the date Nov. 15, 1669, occurs the following entry:—

<sup>1</sup> This information was supplied by the Registrar, Mr. Lee.

<sup>2</sup> Record Office, S. P. For. Arch. 153, p. 13.

## Introduction

xv

‘Also Mr Governor acquainted the Court that Mr Solicitor Generall had recomended one Mr Traherne to goe Minister to Smyrna desiring he might be also named when the Company came to a choice.’

The Solicitor General referred to was Sir Heneage Finch, afterwards first Earl of Nottingham. How Traherne became acquainted with him does not appear, but it may conceivably have been through the Lord Keeper, Sir Orlando Bridgman, to whom Thomas Traherne was private chaplain.

On March 24, 1670 (p. 41), is a minute stating that Traherne was ‘to be heard preach on Tuesday next after the day appointed for Mr Colvil Vpon a Text which was now given him’. The Mr. Colvil referred to was John Covel, who was soon afterwards appointed chaplain at Constantinople, and was later Master of Christ’s College, Cambridge. At this time probably was formed the friendship between Traherne and Covel which is to be mentioned later. On April 21, 1670 (p. 47), is a note that Traherne had been heard preach that day and had been appointed to go ‘to either Smyrna or Aleppo as determined later’. Finally, on Aug. 1, 1670 (p. 61), he was appointed to Smyrna, where he took the place of Mr. Luke. Previous to this, in December, 1669, he had been created B.D. of Cambridge by Royal Mandate.<sup>1</sup>

Thomas Traherne died at Teddington in October, 1674. In his will,<sup>2</sup> made on Sept. 27 of the same year, he names as his

<sup>1</sup> J. B. Pearson, *Biogr. Sketch of the Chaplains to the Levant Company, etc.*, Cambridge, 1883, pp. 28, 33. In the mandate, which is in the Registry at Cambridge, he is, according to Pearson, called Mr. Philip Traheron; in the Court Books of the Company he usually appears as Treherne ‘until Nov. 1674, when he is called Mr Traheron’ (Pearson, *l.c.*) He always (after the letter in Harl. MS. 3784) signs himself Philip Traheron.

<sup>2</sup> Dobell, pp. 167 f.

executors his brother Philip and the latter's wife Susan. It appears from this that Philip was already married, but I have been unable to discover any information concerning either the date of the marriage or the maiden name of his wife. His name does not appear in J. Foster's *London Marriage Licences*, in any of the London Parish Registers published by the Harleian Society, or (so early as this; see below, p. xix) in the *Calendar of Marriage Licences issued by the Faculty Office*, which has been published in the Index Library (xxxiii). Possibly he was married at Hereford. His wife was present at the making of Thomas Traherne's will, and administration was given to her alone as joint executor with her husband on Oct. 22, 1674.<sup>1</sup> Philip Traherne was at this time still at Smyrna, but he resigned his chaplaincy there on Oct. 21, 1674.<sup>2</sup> Possibly the reason for his resignation was the news of his brother's serious illness and the desire to see him before his death, but Thomas Traherne had died before Oct. 21, and it may be that on receiving the news Philip delayed his departure for some time, since it appears from Burney MS. 24, to be mentioned directly, that he did not return to England till 1675. He brought with him, from the library of the Archbishop of Ephesus, a twelfth-century (A. D. 1166) MS. of the Greek New Testament, known as the Codex Ephesius or Ephesinus. This, together with a collation of it with the Oxford edition [of 1675], he presented on March 4, 1678<sup>9</sup>/<sub>80</sub>, to the Lambeth Library, where the two volumes are now numbered Lambeth MSS. 528, 528 b. A rough copy of the collation he retained, and this is now in the British

<sup>1</sup> It is a pleasant fancy that Susan Traherne may have been 'the friend of my best friend' to whom *Centuries of Meditation* was dedicated; see *Cent. of Med.* p. 2. The relations between the brothers were clearly very close and cordial.

<sup>2</sup> Pearson, *l. c.*

Museum, Burney MS. 24. It has an inscription (f. 4) in Traherne's hand, which reads: 'Bibliothecæ Lambethanæ hanc Synopsin, una cum Codice Ephesino, D.D. Philippus Traheron. Mart. 4<sup>o</sup> 1679<sub>80</sub>.' On the following page (f. 4 b) is the title, which states that the Codex Ephesinus was brought by Traherne to England from the library of the Archbishop of Ephesus in 1675.

In 1675 Philip Traherne was presented to the rectory of Hinton Martell, co. Dorset.<sup>1</sup> As rector of this place his name appears among the marriage allegations in the register of the Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Canterbury (Harl. Soc. xxiii, p. 254), as alleging a marriage at Kensington on May 20, 1676. One of the parties is described as of St. Martin's in the Fields. He continued rector of Hinton Martell till his death, his successor, John Walker, being presented on March 11, 1725.<sup>2</sup>

In 1685 he published, through W. Crooke, London, a manual of devotion entitled THE | Soul's Communion | With her | SAVIOR. | OR, | *The History of our Lord* | Jesus Christ, | Written by the | FOUR EVANGELISTS, | *Digested into* | **Devotional Meditations.** | *The First Part.* Apparently no more was published; this, at least, is all that the British Museum possesses. In the preface he states that the book was originally written for the use of 'a most Excellent Person, eminent (not to mention her quality, which is very considerable) as well for her Devotion as Intelligence, being, by a just

<sup>1</sup> J. Hutchins's *Dorset* (2nd ed.), vol. ii, p. 502. In the *Composition Books for the First Fruits in the Record Office* his name appears (vol. 25, p. 64) on May 19, 1676; surerities himself and Henry Croke, St. Martin's in the Fields, co. Midd., Linendraper; dates for payment, Oct. 1, 1676, Apr. 1, 1677, Oct. 1, 1677.

<sup>2</sup> Hutchins's *Dorset*, l. c.

and rational Conviction of those gross Errors and Forgeries, on and by which the *Church* (or rather, *Court*) of *Rome* hath founded and upheld her greatness, reclaimed from her Communion to that of the Church of *England*’.

In the previous year, 1684, he was appointed a minister of Wimborne Minster, co. Dorset.<sup>1</sup> In B. M. Add. MS. 22910, ff. 519 and 525, are two letters written by him on May 3 and July 25, 1701, to Dr. Covell, Master of Christ’s College, Cambridge; a facsimile of the second is given in the present volume (plate II). It appears from these letters that Covell and Traherne were close friends, for the latter addresses Covell as ‘dearest Brother’, and he speaks of himself as ‘your Brother Phil:’. It might even be supposed that they were kinsmen, perhaps brothers-in-law, in which case, as Covell died unmarried, it would appear that the ‘Mrs Susan Traherne the wife of his brother Phillipp’ mentioned in Thomas Traherne’s will<sup>2</sup> was a sister of Covell; but for this supposition I have no evidence, nor does it even appear from the various accounts of Covell which I have seen that he had a sister. The conjecture is therefore improbable. That the acquaintance between Covell and Traherne was formed in the Levant or at the time of their appointment as chaplains to the Levant Company has been already conjectured.

<sup>1</sup> Hutchins, *op. cit.* ii, p. 556. Hutchins thus speaks of the church (p. 555): ‘This church is a royal peculiar. The incumbents or ministers, who are three in number, are elected by the corporation; they are obliged to reside (*de die in diem*) in the parish, and serve the church by rotation, each in his week. The corporation also appoint one of the three to hold courts, to grant licences, and to perform all other acts of ecclesiastical jurisdiction. He is styled the official.’

<sup>2</sup> Dobell, p. 168.

## Introduction

xix

From the first of the letters it appears that Philip Traherne was a numismatist; the letter concerns a collection of coins and medals sold by him to Covell and apparently not regarded by the latter as worth the sum demanded. The purchase money was to be paid in quarterly instalments of £4 to Traherne's son (mentioned also in the second letter), who from an allusion in the postscript would appear to have been then at King's College.<sup>1</sup> It seems likely, therefore, that Traherne's circumstances were not very flourishing, and that in order to support his son at Cambridge he had thought it advisable to dispose of his collection.

It is possible that Traherne's wife Susan was now dead; for in the *Calendar of Marriage Licences issued by the Faculty Office* (Index Library, xxxiii. 1905), p. 194, appears an entry which may well refer to him. It is a note of the marriage on Oct. 16, 1702, of Philipp Traheron and Mary Turner. There is, however, no evidence that this is the Philip Traherne of Wimborne Minster.

Traherne was created official of Wimborne Minster in 1723, and he died the same year, being buried in the church.<sup>2</sup> In the *Catalogue of the Books in the Minster Library, Wimborne* (Wimborne, 1863, edited by W. G. W.), appears one, 'L'Estrange's Alliance of Divine Offices, London, 1659,' presented by him (p. 9), and in the case of another, 'Sanchez, Disputationes de Matrimonii Sacramento, Antwerp, 1614,'

<sup>1</sup> See below, p. xx.

<sup>2</sup> Hutchins, *Dorset*, p. 555. In the parish register, which I consulted on a recent visit to Wimborne, his burial is entered as on July 27, 1723. Whether he left a will I am unable to say, but no will by him seems to be at Somerset House, nor does his name occur in *Dorset Wills and Administrations* (Index Library, xxii). His will, if one could be found, might be of value as showing what became of his MSS.

## Introduction

occur, as former owners, the names 'J. Madan, Philip Traheron, 1675'.

Reference was made above to a son of Philip Traherne at King's College, Cambridge. His name is given in *Graduati Cantabrigienses* as follows: 'Traheron, Tho. \*Regal.<sup>1</sup> A.B. 1704, A.M. 1708.' The following account of him is given by Cole in his 'History of King's College, Cambridge' (B. M. Add. MS. 5817), f. 161:—

'Thomas Traheron, was born at *Hinton-Martell* in *Dorsetshire*, admitted *Scholar Apr: 10*. [ho: 5.]<sup>2</sup> in the place of *John Horsnell* of the year 1673. He was *Master of Arts*, & *Master* of the *College-Schole* & died in *College* of the *Small-Pox* in *Dec. 1710*, in wch Year *Benj: Glover* succeeded him. He gave for Arms, *Argent, a Cheuron Gules, inter 3 Herons Sable; on a Canton Azure, 3 Barulets Or, over all a Lion rampant Gules.'*

This entry is placed under the year 1700. The arms emblazoned by Cole are similar in character to the various Traherne and Treheron coats (Cornwall and Glamorgan) given in Burke's General Armory (1884), but they are not identical with any of them, and it is not clear how or when Thomas Traherne acquired them. A MS. which belonged to him is in the Burney Library (Burney MS. 126). It contains the inscription 'Ex libris Tho Traherne', and consists of notes on Plato, probably in the hand of the owner. This was certainly not the poet, since the hand is quite different from, and later than, that of the facsimile given by Dobell; and there seems no reason to doubt that it was the son of Philip Traherne. Probably this MS., the poems, and Philip's collation of the Codex Ephesinus came into Burney's possession simultaneously; but, as already said, there is no evidence as to the source from which he obtained them.

<sup>1</sup> The asterisk indicates a Fellow.

<sup>2</sup> ho: seems to stand for *hora*.

## Introduction

xxi

It remains to say something of the MS. from which the poems contained in the present volume are taken. The title-page seems to indicate that it was intended for press; and this is borne out by the introductory verses. There is, however, no trace of its ever having appeared, and we must conclude that for some reason Philip Traherne did not proceed with his plan of publishing the poems. In his dedicatory poem he speaks of having kept them 'too long in Privat', from which it seems clear that the poet had already been dead some years; the hand of the MS., as will appear from the facsimiles, is very similar to that of the two letters written in 1701. It is, however, possible that the poems in the volume were copied at an earlier date and that the introductory poems were later additions. The third of them, at all events ('The Publisher to the Reader'), was certainly an afterthought, since it begins very close under 'The Author to the Critical Peruser', and is continued on the page containing the motto and on the back of the title-page. Another fact which may give some support to the supposition is that on the title-page '& Christian Ethicks' seems to be a later insertion, and the comma following 'Forgeries' is corrected from a full-stop. Even so, it is of course possible that Philip Traherne accidentally omitted a reference to this book and inserted it later; but it is also not unlikely that the title-page was written before the appearance of *Christian Ethicks* and the reference to that work inserted after its publication. *Roman Forgeries* was published in 1673 and *Christian Ethicks* not till after the author's death, namely in 1675. If, then, the inference above suggested can legitimately be drawn from the title-page of Burney MS. 392, it would appear that the volume was written before 1675 and the title-page between 1673 and 1675. The volume itself may, of course,  
have



## *Introduction*

have been written before the title-page; if not, Traherne must, on the above supposition, have copied the poems either at Smyrna, presumably from copies sent him by his brother, or on his return to England, and consequently after his brother's death. It is, indeed, impossible to arrive at any certain conclusion, which is to be regretted, inasmuch as the question of date is important for its bearing on the corrections which are so numerous throughout the volume. Are these to be attributed to the poet himself or only to his brother? And (an even more important question) to which of the two brothers are we to assign the numerous variations from the text of the poems published by Dobell?

Many of the corrections undoubtedly suggest an author correcting his own work as he copies it out<sup>1</sup>; so much so that one would naturally suppose the MS. to be the autograph of Thomas Traherne; but this is quite impossible, as a comparison of the facsimile (plate I) with that of Thomas Traherne's MS. in Dobell and with Philip Traherne's letter (plate II) will show. It is, therefore, not impossible that the corrections are due not to the poet but to Philip Traherne. The latter clearly thought himself something of a poet; and since his brother did not live to revise the poems himself, he may with some

<sup>1</sup> e.g. p. 56, l. 10, where 'As that my Lord is in a      Quire' was first written, a blank space being left for an adjective to 'Quire', and 'where-with' was afterwards inserted; *ibid.* l. 15, where Traherne wrote 'Such Cost & Art it gra', and then broke off, not finishing the last word, and altered to 'with so much Art & Cost'; p. 113, l. 17, where he wrote 'For thee that glorious Orb of Light doth rise', and then transferred 'doth rise' to after 'thee', thus altering the rhyme-word; so too in the next line he wrote 'For thee it runs its Cour' and then broke off, altering the last three words to 'sets, & so'. Several other similar instances might be given.

justification have thought himself entitled to discharge the duty which Thomas would probably have undertaken had he lived. In this connexion it is important to notice an alteration in the introductory poems. 'The Author to the Critical Peruser' (which certainly bears a strong resemblance in style to Thomas Traherne's work) seems at first to have been signed 'P. T.' as if by Philip. Afterwards the last four lines were crossed out together with the initials, and 'T. T.' was inserted instead. The deleted four lines appear in an altered form in 'The Publisher to the Reader', which was originally signed 'P. T.' (the initials were subsequently deleted) and is presumably by Philip. It may, of course, be that the four lines in question were an addition by Philip to Thomas Traherne's poem, and that the initials 'P. T.' were intended to refer only to them; but if this not very satisfactory supposition is ruled out, it follows that Philip first assigned a poem to himself, then to Thomas, and, extracting from it the last four lines, inserted them with alterations in a poem which he assigned to his own authorship; a proceeding which does not inspire implicit confidence in his faithfulness to his brother's MS.

On the other hand, it may be pointed out that there may not impossibly have been a good deal of communication between the two brothers. Mr. Dobell mentions (p. xci) that in his folio volume there are 'a large number of prose essays and memoranda alphabetically arranged so as to form a kind of commonplace book. The greater part of these are in a handwriting which differs from Traherne's. They appear to have been written by a friend of the poet's, since Traherne has in many cases added remarks of his own to those in the other writer's handwriting.' It seems a very probable conjecture

## *Introduction*

ture that these notes are due to Philip Traherne<sup>1</sup>; and if so the brothers must presumably have had fairly frequent communication with one another before Philip left for Smyrna. There is, therefore, no very serious improbability in the supposition that, if Burney MS. 392 was written, as regards its main portion, during Thomas Traherne's lifetime, the poet may have communicated corrections to his brother as they were made. It is to be noticed that both the original text and the corrections of the MS. are later than Dobell's MS., since in many cases readings found in that are here corrected.<sup>2</sup>

Again, even if the corrections which appear in the MS. were not communicated by Thomas Traherne during his lifetime, they might nevertheless be due to him. It is clear that there were MSS. of the poems which have not yet come to light. In many cases the text of Burney MS. 392, even where uncorrected, differs from that given by Dobell, a fact which naturally suggests that Philip was copying from a different archetype from Mr. Dobell's volumes. This is further supported by a few differences in the order of the poems, by the omission of some poems contained in the Dobell MS. (I refer especially to the folio volume; see Dobell, p. xci), and by the inclusion of many new ones. Again, Dobell mentions in a footnote (p. xc) that his folio volume contains certain references to other poems, e.g. 'An Infant Ey, p. 1', 'Adam, p. 12'. Most, but not all, of the poems thus mentioned are contained in the

<sup>1</sup> It is to be hoped that Mr. Dobell will some day see his way to publishing these notes, which should be of considerable interest.

<sup>2</sup> Such cases are recorded in the notes. Cf., however, l. 1 on p. 76, where 'my', which agrees with Dobell, is a correction from 'the'; p. 72, l. 48 of the poem, 'vast' to 'wide' (Dobell); p. 74, stanza 4, l. 3, 'are a curious Dress' to 'like a glorious Robe' (Dobell, 'are a glorious robe'). But these cannot seriously affect the inference in the text.

present volume ; but neither of the two page-references quoted agrees either with the pagination of this volume or with the marginal numbers (see below, p. xxvii). Thus the poems in question would seem to have been contained in some other volume than that from which the present one was copied. Lastly, in Burney MS. 392, p. 75, is a note, 'Insert here ¶ Right Apprehension from page 82.' The poem so called is in this MS. on p. 85 and is not in Dobell. Consequently it was taken not from a detached sheet of paper but from a volume, which was not that in Mr. Dobell's possession. The certain inference is that there was at least one other MS. than the folio volume acquired by Mr. Dobell, which contained many of the poems given in the latter but in a different text ; and there may have been others, from which, after Traherne's death, his brother copied corrections into his own MS.

To sum up, it is impossible to be certain as to the provenance of the variations from Dobell's text in this volume ; but perhaps the most likely inference is that the original text (in the main), and perhaps some of the corrections, are due to Thomas Traherne, but that in preparing the volume for press Philip did not scruple to revise and alter the text wherever he thought that correction was called for.

As regards both the alterations in this volume and the variations of the original reading from Dobell's text, it is to be noted that in many cases they are corrections of metrical defects<sup>1</sup> or bad rhymes.<sup>2</sup> In many cases there seems little to

<sup>1</sup> e. g. p. 4, stanza 5, l. 6, where the original reading was a foot too long ; p. 26, stanza 4, ll. 8, 9, where the original lines were a foot too long and a foot too short respectively ; p. 5, Eden, l. 4, where Dobell's text is a foot too long ; &c.

<sup>2</sup> e. g. p. 8, stanza 1, ll. 9, 11, where the alterations were made in order to obtain a rhyme, as in the corresponding lines of the other  
choose

# Introduction

choose between the original and the revised readings, but sometimes the later ones are undoubtedly improvements.<sup>1</sup> Not infrequently, however, the text loses rather than gains by revision. There is perhaps a tendency to substitute for the unconventional or daring word or phrase a more orthodox but less imaginative one.<sup>2</sup>

stanzas; p. 68, stanza 2, l. 6, 'Be overcom' corrected to 'Be quite out-don' (rhyme, 'Sun'); &c.

<sup>1</sup> Note especially 'Dumness' (p. 75), which on the whole is greatly improved in the present version. There are indeed passages where Dobell's text has the advantage; one grudges the loss of the fine couplet (Dobell, p. 34),

To reign in Silence, and to sing alone,  
To see, love, covet, have, enjoy and praise, in one.

<sup>2</sup> e. g. p. 4, stanza 5, l. 1, 'seem'd' = 'were' in Dobell; p. 14, stanza 3, ll. 9, 10,

And all things fair  
Delighted me that was to be their Heir,  
as against Dobell,

And every thing  
Delighted me that was their heavenly King;  
p. 76, ll. 21, 22 on the page,

D'ye ask me What? It was for to admire  
The Satisfaction of all Just Desire,  
as against Dobell,

D'ye ask me what? It was with clearer eyes  
To see all Creatures full of Deities;

p. 84, last line,  
Enlarg'd my Soul like to the Deity,  
as against Dobell,

Did make my bosom like the Deity;

p. 98, stanza 4, ll. 1-3,  
For this the Hev'ns were made as well  
As Earth, the spacious Seas  
Are ours,

as against Dobell,  
We plough the very skies, as well  
As earth; the spacious seas  
Are ours.

There

# Introduction

xxvii

There is clearly in the MS. an attempt to arrange the poems in a regular sequence.<sup>1</sup> This will account for several of the variations in order from Dobell's volume; and the information given by Dobell in his note on p. xci<sup>2</sup> shows that some alterations with the same object were contemplated by Thomas Traherne.

In concluding this account of the MS. it should be mentioned that numbers have throughout been written in the margin. At first I took these to be the pages of the MS. from which Philip Traherne was copying; but an examination of them shows this supposition to be exceedingly improbable. They follow one another in regular sequence, beginning with 2, which occurs opposite l. 13 on p. 1; but after 12 a double numeration begins, which later changes to a triple one. Clearly the numeration was several times altered; in some cases a number has been twice corrected. The earlier written numbers, where they fall at a different place from the final one, have frequently, but not always, been deleted, and one set of numbers is marked by asterisks. Since, therefore, Philip Traherne was clearly in a state of considerable uncertainty as to the exact extent of the divisions (whatever their nature) which he was numbering, it seems clear that they cannot have been the pages of a book from which he

But it would be unsafe to found much on these and similar instances. For an instance of an alteration much for the worse see p. 71, ll. 5, 6,

As soon as He my Spirit did inspire,  
His Works He bid me in the World admire,

as against Dobell,

The very Day my Spirit did inspire,  
The World's fair Beauty set my soul on fire.

<sup>1</sup> Cf. the note above (p. xxv) referred to, on p. 75.

<sup>2</sup> Cf. the note 'An Infant Eye, p. 1' at the end of 'Innocence'. In the present volume the poem so called does actually follow 'Innocence'.

copied

copied the poems. Possibly the numbers were intended to indicate to the printer the size of the pages in the published volume ; but this certainly seems a curious proceeding.

It cannot be said that the newly discovered poems give grounds for modifying any conclusions as to Traherne's genius and place in English poetry which have been formed from a study of Mr. Dobell's volume. Some of the new poems fall below any of the old, but on the other hand there are some, such as 'Solitude', 'Christendom', 'On Christmas-Day', 'Shadows in the Water', and 'Walking', which are equal to the best of those previously published. The many corrections, if they are really to be assigned to Thomas Traherne, show that he revised his poems more carefully than Mr. Dobell, from the evidence of his own MSS. only, inferred ; but, as already said, there is some doubt whether they are really his.

That Mr. Dobell assigned to Traherne far too high a place as a poet is probably the opinion of many besides the present editor. To say, as he does (p. lxvii) that 'neither Herbert, Crashaw, nor Vaughan can compare with Traherne in the most essential qualities of the poet', is surely going beyond even the licence allowed to the natural enthusiasm of a discoverer. It may be admitted that Traherne never falls so low as at times do the poets named, and he is comparatively free from the extravagant and tasteless conceits which were the besetting sin of religious poets in the seventeenth century ; but all three poets, especially the last two, reach a far greater height than he ever attains. Indeed, it is probably true to say that Traherne is not primarily a poet at all. His verse is full of the material of poetry ; it is continually preparing (so to say) to pass into poetry, and here and there for a few lines, sometimes for longer, it does so ; but for the most part it remains im-

perfectly

## Introduction

xxix

perfectly fused ; the lyrical impulse is insufficient to convert the thought into the fine gold of poetry, and we get the impression rather of imaginative thought turned into verse than of a naturally poetic inspiration finding its inevitable expression. Not infrequently we meet with the flattest of prose<sup>1</sup> ; and very rarely is there any vital connexion between form and content. The long stanza with lines of varying length was a fatal stumbling-block to Traherne, as to Vaughan ; but whereas Vaughan sometimes overcomes his self-imposed difficulty and makes the stanza the inevitable embodiment of his emotional impulse, Traherne practically never does so ; we are continually being made conscious of the *externality* of the form to the matter, a short or a long line being interposed not to express the varying rhythm of thought and emotion, but simply on metrical grounds. Even so fine a poem as 'News' is marred by this inability to bring the form into organic correspondence with the matter ; such verse as the following is thoroughly bad :—

My Soul stood at the Gate  
To recreäte  
It self with Bliss, & woo  
Its speedier Approach ; a fuller view  
It fain would take,  
Yet Journeys back would make  
Unto my Heart, &c.

Traherne writes best when he eschews these complicated metres ; he handles the heroic couplet with especial skill, and some of his finest work is in that metre.

<sup>1</sup> e. g. p. 57,

Of Ladies too a shining Host,  
*If not on Hors-back, in a Coach,*

(the italics are mine).

Though,



## *Introduction*

Though, however, we cannot follow Mr. Dobell in his estimate of the poet, all will doubtless admit that the poems are extremely interesting, and, revealing as they do a personality of singular charm and originality, are a real addition to our literature. Sometimes, too, though never for long, Traherne rises into the highest regions of poetry, the expression being as perfect as the thought. Take, for example, the following lines :—

Drown'd in their Customs, I became  
A Stranger to the Shining Skies,  
Lost as a dying Flame.

A wide, magnificent, & spacious Sky,  
A Fabrick worthy of the Deity ;  
Clouds here & there like winged Chariots flying ;  
Flowers ever flourishing, yet always dying ;  
A day of Glory where I all things see  
Enrich't with Beams of Light as 'twere for me ;  
And that, after the Sun withdraws his Light,  
Succeeded with a shady glorious Night.

Doth not each trembling Sound I hear  
Make all my Spirits dance ?

But He that cannot like an Angel see,  
In Heaven its self shall dwell in Misery.

The Streets adorning with their Angel-faces,  
Themselves diverting in those pleasant Places.

Here Traherne writes instinctively as a poet, and not infrequently he maintains, at a lower level indeed, a note of genuine poetry for a considerable time ; but for the most part, as already said, his verse conveys the impression of a man writing in a medium not really natural to him. If we contrast his verse with his prose we see the difference at once. As a  
prose-writer

prose-writer he has little reason to fear comparison with any writer of his age. His prose shows a simplicity and lucidity, a balance and dignity, a beauty of rhythm, and a felicity of phrase altogether admirable ; and it will indeed be wonderful if *Centuries of Meditations* does not become one of the classics of the language.

In conclusion, it will be well to explain the principles followed in editing the poems. The MS., as already stated, was clearly prepared for press ; and in printing it, it seemed best to treat it more or less as a contemporary printer would have done. Thus the long s (ſ) is used in the middle or at the beginning of words irrespective of the form actually to be found in the MS. Philip Traherne uses now s, now ſ, on no fixed principle ; but since medial or initial s is several times corrected to ſ, it seems clear that the present edition represents his intention. The MS. is reproduced page by page, except in one place (pp. 50, 51, see the notes), where the original order has been altered in the MS., and in the introductory poem entitled 'The Publisher to the Reader'. Wherever corrections are made in the MS. the final form has been adopted in this edition ; but in every case of any importance the original reading is given in the notes. It has not, however, seemed worth while, except in one or two cases, to record mere corrections of spellings, punctuation marks, or obvious slips of the pen. The notes are for the most part confined to the recording of corrections ; but references are given, in the case of all poems found also in Dobell's<sup>o</sup> edition, to the pages of that volume, and new poems are marked as 'not in Dobell'. A few references are given to *Centuries of Meditations*. Many more coincidences of thought or phrase between the poems and that work and between poems in this volume

volume and others not contained in it might of course be given ; but the present edition seems hardly the place for an elaborate commentary on the matter of the poems.

Lastly, I must express my thanks to all who have helped me—to my father, who has made researches at Somerset House and elsewhere, and has compiled the index of first lines, to several of my colleagues in the Department of MSS., who have given me advice and assistance on various points, and to the Delegates of the University Press for their kindness in undertaking the publication of the volume.

Dear Brother,

Windsor, Windsor, July 25<sup>th</sup>

1791.

525

My son being importunate with me to send him a Lesson in  
it hath prompted me to send You such a Copy of the Relation as  
I had by me, along with it; whereas I delayed answering your Desire  
(which shall always have the force of a Command with me) with design to  
procure a more perfect acct of it from Mr. Bond himself at Harrow, or  
where (God willing) I hope to spend a few days with our Friend Mr. L. Richards  
after the Abolition at Dinsliffen; where I must attend the High-sheriff of  
this County, on the 7<sup>th</sup> of August.

If Mr. Bond, who is delayed of late, be able to furnish with any thing  
material touching Mr. Sadler, or his Propriety, besides what you have here  
enclosed, You shall not fail of a fair draught of it, with thanks for your  
great Kindness to me in my Son, from

Your most Obedt Friend & Brother

Phil. Traherne



P O E M S  
*OF*  
FELICITY.

---

*Vol. I.*

---

Containing  
*Divine Reflections*  
On the  
NATIVE OBJECTS  
OF  
An Infant-*Ec.*

---

BY  
*Tho: Traheron. B.D. ♀*  
*Author of the Roman Forgeries,*  
*& Christian Ethiks.*

---

Printed for *Ph. Traheron B.D.*  
*And are to be sold by &c.*



# THE DEDICATION.

To GOD, my Sov'raign Lord,  
My Heart & Hand accord  
These Holy First-fruits of a Pious Mind  
To DEDICATE.  
At any Rate  
I can't be so Injurious or Unkind  
To the Memory of my Brother,  
As to devote to any Other  
These Sacred Relicks he hath left behind.

My God! Thou art the Heir  
Of all the Prais & Pray'r  
Which he, or I, can offer at Thy Throne.  
DIVINITY  
And POETRY  
We call Our Gifts: Indeed they are Thine Own:  
These Faculties from Thee do flow;  
And therefore, that to Thee we ow  
Both Them, Our selvs, & All, I needs must own.  
Thy



Thy Prais a Subject is  
Fitter for Souls in Blifs,  
Whose more unclouded Sense may best descry  
Those Depths & Hights,  
To mortal Wights  
Unknown, which in Thy Glorious Godhead ly.  
This well the Author did perceiv,  
And therfore haſtned *Fleſh* to leav,  
That by the ſhift, he might becom All Ey.

Be pleaſ'd then to accept  
This Off'ring I hav kept  
Too long in Privat; ſince it may becom  
A Publick Good,  
If underſtood  
Aright, and Thy good Spirit ſet it home  
On Hearts, to propagat Thy Fear,  
Till, *as in Hev'n it is, ſo here*  
*On Earth, Thy Will be don, Thy Kingdom com.*  
Amen.

Philip Traheron.

*The Author*  
*to the Critical Peruser.*

The naked Truth in many faces shewn,  
Whose inward Beauties very few hav known,  
A simple Light, transparent Words, a Strain  
That lowly creeps, yet maketh Mountains plain,  
Brings down the highest Mysteries to sense  
And keeps them there; that is Our Excellence:  
At that we aim; to th' end thy Soul might see  
With open Eys thy Great *Felicity*,  
Its Objects view, and trace the glorious Way  
Wherby thou may'st thy Highest Blifs enjoy.

No curling Metaphors that gild the Sence,  
Nor Pictures here, nor painted Eloquence;  
No florid Streams of Superficial Gems,  
But real Crowns & Thrones & Diadems!  
That Gold on Gold should hiding shining ly  
May well be reckon'd baser Heraldry.

An easy Stile drawn from a native vein,  
A clearer Stream than that w<sup>ch</sup> Poets feign,  
Whose bottom may, how deep so'ere, be seen,  
Is that w<sup>ch</sup> I think fit to win Esteem:  
Els we could speak *Zamzummin* words, & tell  
A Tale in tongues that sound like *Babel-Hell*;  
In Meteors speak, in blazing Prodigies,  
Things that amaze, but will not make us wise.

On

## *The Preface.*

On shining Banks we could nigh *Tagus* walk ;  
In flow'ry Meads of rich *Pactolus* talk ;  
Bring in the *Druids*, & the *Sybills* view ;  
See what the Rites are w<sup>ch</sup> the *Indians* do ;  
Derive along the channel of our Quill  
The Streams that flow from high *Parnassus* hill ;  
Ransack all Nature's Rooms, & add the things  
Which *Persian* Courts enrich ; to make Us Kings :  
To make us Kings indeed ! Not verbal Ones,  
But reall Kings, exalted unto Thrones ;  
And more than Golden Thrones ! 'Tis this I do,  
Letting Poëtick Strains & Shadows go.

I cannot imitat their vulgar Sence  
Who Cloaths admire, but not the Man they fence  
Against the Cold ; and while they wonder at  
His Rings, his precious Stones, his Gold & Plate ;  
The middle piece, his Body & his Mind,  
They over-look ; no Beauty in them find :  
God's Works they slight, their *own* they magnify,  
*His* they contemn, or careless pass them by ;  
Their woven Silks & wel-made Suits they prize,  
Valu their Gems, but not more precious Eys :  
Their Useful Hands, their Tongues & Ruby Lips,  
Their polisht Flesh where whitest Lillies mix  
With blushing Roses & with saphire Veins,  
The Bones, the Joints, & that w<sup>ch</sup> els remains  
Within that curious Fabrick, *Life* & Strength,  
I' th' wel-compacted bredth & depth & length

Of

### *The Preface.*

Of various Limbs, that living Engins be  
Of glorious worth; God's Work they will not see:  
Nor yet the *Soul*, in whose concealed Face,  
Which comprehendeth all unbounded Space,  
God may be seen; tho she can understand  
The Length of Ages & the Tracts of Land  
That from the *Zodiac* do extended ly  
Unto the *Poles*, and view *Eternity*.  
Ev'n thus do idle Fancies, Toys, & Words,  
(Like gilded Scabbards sheathing rusty Swords)  
Take vulgar Souls; who gaze on rich Attire  
But God's diviner Works do ne'r admire.

T. T.

# THE PUBLISHER

*To the Reader.*

The faithful Watch-man being gon to rest  
From 's pious Labors, w<sup>ch</sup> he did not spare  
To spend himself in; as All those attest  
Who e'r convers'd with him, & know the Care  
And earnest Pains w<sup>ch</sup> he did always take  
To keep their drouzy Faculties awake :

Lest thy dull Soul should sleep the Sleep of Death,  
For lack of som such Means to ope thine Eys;  
Lo, *he yet speaks, tho dead & void of Breath,*  
In such a manner as may *make thee wise*  
*Unto Salvation*; if a serious Thought  
Thou fix upon what in this Book is wrote.

Which I do for no other End produce,  
But that his lively Notions of God's Lov,  
(Whose Works & Ways it was his constant Use  
By Night to contemplat, by Day improv  
In all his Talk) may cure that gross Neglect  
Of *our tru Joys* w<sup>ch</sup> doth the Earth infect.

Truths common, tho not heeded, to thy View  
I here present; And, that they mayn't do less  
Than reëiz thy Sens, if not thy Sight renew,  
Shew the *Divine* cloath'd in a *Poët's* Dress,  
To win Acceptance: for we all descry,  
When Precepts cannot, *Poëms* take the Ey.

And

*The Publisher to the Reader.*

And let the Soul that borrows hence a Spark  
Of Light, so blow it up into a Flame  
Of Holy Lov<sup>e</sup>, as may not in the Dark  
Suppress the Benefit: but to God's Name  
Giv all the Thanks & Prais (whom the Author meant  
To honor) & not me the Instrument.

*Psal. 51. 15.*

*O Lord, open thou my Lips,  
and my Mouth shall shew forth  
Thy Prais.*

*Divine Reflections*  
ON THE  
NATIVE OBJECTS  
OF  
An Infant-Eye.

---

¶ *The Salutation.*

These little Limbs,  
These Eys & Hands w<sup>ch</sup> here I find,  
This panting Heart wherwith my Life begins;  
Where have ye been? Behind  
What Curtain were ye from me hid so long!  
Where was, in what Abyss, my new-made Tongue?

When silent I  
So many thousand thousand Years  
Beneath the Dust did in a *Chaos* ly,  
How could I *Smiles*, or *Tears*,  
Or *Lips*, or *Hands*, or *Eys*, or *Ears* perceiv?  
Welcom ye Treasures w<sup>ch</sup> I now receiv.



( 2 )

I that so long  
Was *Nothing* from Eternity,  
Did little think such Joys as Ear & Tongue  
To celebrat or see :  
Such Sounds to hear, such Hands to feel, such Feet,  
Such Eys & Objects, on the Ground to meet.

New burnisht Joys !  
Which finest Gold & Pearl excell !  
Such sacred Treasures are the Limbs of Boys  
In which a Soul doth dwell :  
Their organized Joints & azure Veins  
More Wealth include than the dead World contains.

From Dust I rise  
And out of Nothing now awake ;  
These brighter Regions w<sup>ch</sup> salute mine Eys  
A Gift from God I take :  
The Earth, the Seas, the Light, the lofty Skies,  
The Sun & Stars are mine ; if these I prize.

A Stranger here  
Strange things doth meet, strange Glory see,  
Strange Treasures lodg'd in this fair World appear,  
Strange all & New to me :  
But that they *mine* should be who Nothing was,  
*That* Strangest is of all ; yet brought to pass.  
*Wonder.*

¶ *Wonder.*

How like an Angel came I down '  
     How bright are all things here '  
 When first among his Works I did appear  
     O how their Glory did me crown !  
 The World resembled his ETERNITY,  
     In which my Soul did walk ;  
 And evry thing that I did see  
     Did with me talk.

The Skies in their Magnificence,  
     The lovely lively Air,  
 Oh how divine, how soft, how sweet, how fair '  
     The Stars did entertain my Sense ;  
 And all the Works of God so bright & pure,  
     So rich & great, did seem,  
 As if they ever must endure  
     In my Esteem.

A Nativ Health & Innocence  
     Within my Bones did grow,  
 And while my God did all his Glories show  
     I felt a vigor in my Sense  
 That was all SPIRIT: I within did flow  
     With Seas of Life like Wine ;  
 I nothing in the World did know  
     But 'twas Divine.

Harsh

( 4 )

Harsh rugged Objects were conceal'd,  
Oppressions, Tears, & Cries,  
Sins, Griefs, Complaints, Diffentions, weeping Eys,  
Were hid: And only things reveal'd  
Which heavenly Spirits & the Angels prize:  
The State of Innocence  
And Blifs, not Trades & Poverties,  
Did fill my Sense.

The Streets seem'd paved w<sup>th</sup> golden Stones,  
The Boys & Girls all mine;  
To me how did their lovely faces shine!  
The Sons of men all Holy ones,  
In Joy & Beauty, then appear'd to me;  
And evry Thing I found  
(While like an Angel I did see)  
Adorn'd the Ground.

Rich Diamonds, & Pearl, & Gold  
Might evry where be seen;  
Rare Colors, yellow, blew, red, white, & green  
Mine Eys on evry side behold:  
All that I saw, a Wonder did appear,  
Amazement was my Blifs:  
That & my Wealth met evry where.  
No Joy to this!

Curf'd

( 5 )

Curf'd, ill-devif'd Proprieties  
With Envy, Avarice,  
And Fraud, (thofe Fiends that fpoil ev'n Paradife)  
Were not the Object of mine Eys;  
Nor Hedges, Ditches, Limits, narrow Bounds:  
I dreamt not ought of thofe,  
But in furveying all mens Grounds  
I found Repofe.

For Property its felf was mine,  
And Hedges, Ornaments:  
Walls, Houfes, Coffers, & their rich Contents,  
To make me Rich combine.  
Cloaths, coftly Jewels, Laces, I efteem'd  
My Wealth by others worn,  
For me they all to wear them feem'd,  
When I was born.

---

¶ *Eden.*

A learned & a happy Ignorance  
Divided me  
From all the Vanity,  
From all the Sloth, Care, Sorrow, that advance  
The Madnefs & the Mifery  
Of Men. No Error, no Diftraction, I  
Saw cloud the Earth, or over-caft the Sky.

I knew not that there was a Serpent's Sting,  
     Whose Poyson shed  
     On Men, did overspread  
 The World: Nor did I dream of such a thing  
     As Sin, in w<sup>ch</sup> Mankind lay dead.  
 They all were brisk & living Things to me,  
 Yea pure, & full of Imortality.

Joy, Pleasure, Beauty, Kindness, charming Lov,  
     Sleep, Life, & Light,  
     Peace, Melody, my Sight  
 Mine Ears & Heart did fill & freely mov ;  
     All that I saw did me delight:  
 The *Universe* was then a *World* of Treasure  
 To me an Universal World of Pleasure.

Unwelcom Penitence I then thought not on ;  
     Vain costly Toys,  
     Swearing & roaring Boys,  
 Shops, Markets, Taverns, Coaches, were unknown,  
     So all things were that drown my Joys:  
 No Thorns choakt-up my Path, nor hid the face  
 Of Blifs & Glory, nor eclypst my place.

Only what Adam in his first Estate  
     Did I behold ;  
     Hard Silver & dry Gold  
 As yet lay under-ground: My happy Fate  
     Was more acquainted with the old  
 And innocent Delights w<sup>ch</sup> he did see  
 In his Original Simplicity.

Those

( 7 )

Those things w<sup>ch</sup> first his *Eden* did adorn,  
My Infancy  
Did' crown: Simplicity  
Was my Protection when I first was born.  
Mine Eys those Treasures first did see  
Which God first made: The first Effects of Lov  
My first Enjoyments upon Earth did prov.

And were so Great, & so Divine, so Pure,  
So fair & sweet,  
So tru; when I did meet  
Them here at first, they did my Soul allure,  
And drew away mine Infant-feet  
Quite from the Works of Men, that I might see  
The glorious Wonders of the DEITY.

---

### § *Innocence.*

I.

But that w<sup>ch</sup> most I wonder at, w<sup>ch</sup> most  
I did esteem my Blifs, w<sup>ch</sup> most I boast  
And ever shall applaud, is, that within  
I felt no Stain, no Spot of Sin.

No Darknes then did over-shade,  
But all within was pure & bright,  
No Guilt did crush, nor Fear invade,  
But all my Soul was full of Light,

A joyful Sense exempt from Fear  
 Is all I can remember ;  
 The very Night to me was clear,  
 'Twas Summer in *December*.

## 2.

A serious Meditation did employ  
 My Soul within, w<sup>ch</sup>, taken up with Joy,  
 Did seem no outward thing to note, but fly  
 All Objects that do feed the Ey :

While it those very Objects did  
 Admire, & prize, & prais, & lov,  
 Which in their Glory most are hid ;  
 Which Prefence only doth remov :

Their constant daily Prefence I  
 Rejoicing at did see ;  
 And that which takes them from the Ey  
 Of others, offer'd them to me.

## 3.

No inward Stain inclin'd my Will  
 To Avarice or Pride : My Soul was still  
 With Admiration fill'd ; no Lust nor Strife  
 Polluted then my Infant-Life.

No Fraud nor Anger in me mov'd,  
 No Malice, Jealousy, or Spight ;  
 All that I saw I truly lov'd.  
 Contentment only & Delight

Were

( 9 )

Were in my Soul. O Hev'n, what Blifs  
Did I enjoy & feel!  
What powerful Delight did this  
Inspire! For this I daily kneel.

4.

Whether it be that Nature is so pure,  
And Custom only vicious; or to cure  
Its Depravation, God did Guilt remov  
To fix in me a Sense of's Lov

So early; or that 'twas one Day  
Wherin this Happiness I found,  
Whose Strength & Brightness so do ray  
That still it seems me to surround:

What e'r it was, it is a Light  
So endless unto me,  
That I a World of tru Delight  
Did then, & to this day do, see.

5.

*That Prospect* was the Gate of Hev'n; *that Day*  
The ancient Light of *Eden* did convey  
Into my Soul: I was an *Adam* there,  
A little *Adam* in a Sphere

Of Joys: O there my ravisht Sense  
Was entertain'd in Paradise;  
And had a Sight of Innocence  
Which was to mee beyond all Price.



An Antepast of Heaven sure !  
 For I on Earth did reign :  
 Within, without me, all was pure :  
 I must become a Child again.

---

¶ *An Infant-Ey.*

A simple Light from all Contagion free,  
 A Beam that's purely Spiritual, an Ey  
 That's altogether Virgin, Things doth see  
     Ev'n like unto the Deity :  
 That is, it shineth in an heavenly Sence,  
 And round about (unmov'd) its Light dispence.

The viviv Rays are Beams of Light indeed,  
 Refined, subtil, piercing, quick & pure ;  
 And as they do the sprightly Winds exceed,  
     Are worthy longer to endure :  
 They far out-shoot the Reach of Groffer Air,  
 Which with such Excellence may not compare.

But being once debas'd, they soon become  
 Less activ than they were before ; & then  
 After distracting Objects out they run,  
     Which make us wretched Men.  
 A simple Infant's Ey is such a Treasure  
 That when 'tis lost, w' enjoy no reall Pleasure.

O that my Sight had ever simple been '  
 And never faln into a groffer state !  
 Then might I ev'ry Object still hav seen  
     (As now I see a golden Plate)  
 In fuch an hev'nly Light, as to defcry  
 In it, or by it, my Felicity.

As eafily might foar aloft as mov  
 On Earth ; & things remote as well as nigh  
 My Joys fhould be ; & could difcern the Lov  
     Of God in my Tranquility.  
 But Streams are heavy w<sup>ch</sup> the Winds can blow ;  
 Whofe groffer body muft needs move below.

The *Eaft* was once my Joy ; & fo the Skies  
 And Stars at firft I thought ; the Weft was mine :  
 Then Praifes from the Mountains did arife  
     As well as Vapors : Ev'ry Vine  
 Did bear me Fruit ; the Fields my Gardens were ;  
 My larger Store-houfe all the Hemifphere.

But Wantonnefs & Avarice got in  
 And fpoil'd my Wealth ; (I never to complain  
 Can ceafe, till I am purged from my Sin  
     And made an Infant once again :)  
 So that my feeble & difabled Senfe  
 Reacht only Near Things with its Influence.

A House, a Woman's Hand, a piece of Gold,  
 A Feast, a costly Suit, a beauteous Skin  
 That vy'd with Ivory, I did behold;  
     And all my Pleasure was in Sin:  
 Who had at first with simple Infant-Eys  
 Beheld as mine ev'n all Eternities.

O dy! dy unto all that draws thine Ey  
 From its first Objects: let not fading Pleasures  
 Infect thy Mind; but see thou carefully  
     Bid them adieu. Return: Thy Treasures  
 Abide thee still, & in their places stand  
 Inviting yet, & waiting thy Command.

---

\*

### § *The Return.*

To Infancy, O Lord, again I com,  
     That I my Manhood may improv:  
 My early Tutor is the Womb;  
     I still my Cradle lov.  
 'Tis strange that I should Wifest be,  
 When least I could an Error see.

Till I gain strength against Temptation, I  
 Perceiv it safest to abide  
 An Infant still; & therefore fly  
     (A lowly State may hide  
 A man from Danger) to the Womb,  
 That I may yet New-born becom.

My

My God, thy Bounty then did ravish me!  
 Before I learned to be poor,  
 I always did thy Riches see,  
     And thankfully adore:  
 Thy Glory & thy Goodness were  
 My sweet Companions all the Year.

---

§ *The Præparative.*

My Body being dead, my Limbs unknown;  
     Before I skill'd to prize  
     Those living Stars, mine Eys;  
 Before or Tongue or Cheeks I call'd mine own,  
     Before I knew these Hands were mine,  
 Or that my Sinews did my Members join;  
     When neither Nostril, foot, nor Ear,  
 As yet could be discern'd, or did appear;  
     I was within  
 A House I knew not, newly cloath'd w<sup>th</sup> Skin.  
 Then was my Soul my only All to me,  
     A living endless Ey,  
     Scarce bounded with the Sky,  
 Whose Power, & Act, & Effence was to see:  
     I was an inward Sphere of Light,  
 Or an interminable Orb of Sight,  
     Exceeding that w<sup>ch</sup> makes the Days,  
 A *vital* Sun that shed abroad his Rays:  
     All Life, all Sense,  
 A naked, simple, pure Intelligence.

I then no Thirst nor Hunger did perceiv;  
     No dire Necessity  
     Nor Want was known to me:  
 Without disturbance then I did receiv  
     The tru Ideas of all Things,  
 The Hony did enjoy without the Stings.  
     A meditating inward Ey  
 Gazing at Quiet did within me ly,  
     And all things fair  
 Delighted me that was to be their Heir.

For *Sight* inherits Beauty; *Hearing*, Sounds;  
     The *Nostril*, sweet Perfumes,  
     All Tastes have secret Rooms  
 Within the *Tongue*; the *Touching* feeleth Wounds  
     Of Pain or Pleasure; and yet I  
 Forgat the rest, & was all Sight or Ey,  
     Unbody'd & devoid of Care,  
 Just as in Hev'n the Holy Angels are:  
     For simple Sense  
 Is Lord of all created Excellence.

Being thus prepar'd for all Felicity;  
     Not præpossess'd with Dross,  
     Nor basely glued to gross  
 And dull Materials that might ruin me,  
     Nor fetter'd by an Iron Fate,  
 By vain Affections in my earthy State,  
     To any thing that should seduce  
 My Sense, or els bereav it of its Use;

I was as free  
 As if there were nor Sin nor Misery.  
 Pure nativ Powers that Corruption loath,  
     Did, like the fairest Glafs  
     Or spotless polisht Brass,  
 Themselvs soon in their Object's Image cloath :  
     Divine Impressions, when they came,  
 Did quickly enter & my Soul enflame.  
     'Tis not the Object, but the Light,  
 That maketh Hev'n : 'Tis a clearer Sight.  
     Felicity  
 Appears to none but them that purely see.  
 A disentangled & a naked Sense,  
     A Mind that's unpossess'd,  
     A disengaged Breast,  
 A quick unprejudic'd Intelligence  
     Acquainted with the Golden Mean,  
 An even Spirit, quiet, & serene,  
     Is that where Wisdom's Excellence  
 And Pleasure keep their Court of Residence.  
     My Soul get free,  
 And then thou may'st possess Felicity.

### ¶ *The Instruction.*

Spew out thy Filth, thy Flesh abjure,  
 Let not Contingents thee defile ;  
 For Transients only are impure,  
 And empty Things thy Soul beguile.

Unfelt

Unfelt, unseen let those things be,  
Which to thy Spirit were unknown,  
When to thy blessed Infancy  
The World, thy Self, thy God, was shewn.

All that is Great & stable stood  
Within thy harmless View at first ;  
All that in Vifibles is Good,  
Or Pure, or Fair, or Unaccurst.

Whatever els thou now dost see  
In Custom, Action, or Desire,  
Is but a part of Misery  
Wherin all Men at once conspire.

---

¶ *The Vision.*

Flight is but the Præparative: the Sight  
Is deep & infinit.  
Indeed, 'tis all the Glory, Light, & Space,  
The Joy & blest Variety  
That doth adorn the Godhead's Dwelling-place :  
' 'Tis all that Ey can see.  
Even Trades themselves, view'd with celestial Sight,  
And Cares, & Sins, & Woes, giv Light.  
Order

Order the Beauty ev'n of Beauty is,  
     It is the Rule of Blifs,  
 The very Life & Form & Caus of Pleasure;  
     Which if we do not understand,  
 Ten thousand heaps of vain, tho massy, Treasure  
     Will but opprefs the Land:  
 In Blessedness its self we that shall miss  
     (Being blind) w<sup>ch</sup> is the Sum of Blifs.

First then behold the World as thine, & well  
     Note that where thou dost dwell:  
 See all the Beauty of the spacious Case;  
     Lift up thy pleas'd & ravisht Eys;  
 Admire the Glory of this heavenly Place,  
     And all its Blessings prize.  
 That Sight well seen thy Spirit shal prepare  
     To make all other things more rare.

Mens Woes shal be but Foils unto thy Blifs,  
     Thou once enjoying this:  
 Trades shal adorn & beautify the Earth;  
     Their Ignorance shal make thee bright:  
 Were not their Griefs *Democritus's* Mirth?  
     Their Slips shal keep thee right:  
 All shal be thine Advantage; all conspire  
     To make thy Blifs & Virtu higher.



To see the glorious Fountain & the End ;  
    To see all Creatures tend  
To thy Advancement, & so sweetly close  
    In thy Repose: To see them shine  
In serviceable Worth; and even Foes,  
    Among the rest, made Thine :  
To see all these at once unite in thee  
    Is to behold Felicity.

To see the Fountain is a Blessed thing ;  
    It is to see the King  
Of Glory face to face: But yet the End,  
    The deep & wondrous End, is more ;  
In *that* the Fount we also comprehend,  
    The Spring we *there* adore :  
For in the End the Fountain is best shewn,  
    As by Effects the Caus is known.

From One, to One, in One, to see *All things* ;  
    Perceiv the King of Kings  
My God & Portion ; to see his Treasures  
    Made all mine own, my Self the End  
Of his great Labors! 'Tis the Life of Pleasures!  
    To see my self His *Friend* !  
Who *All Things* finds convey'd to him alone,  
    Must needs adore *The Holy One*.

¶ *The Rapture.*

Sweet Infancy !  
O Heavenly Fire ! O Sacred Light !  
How fair & bright !  
How Great am I  
Whom the whol World doth magnify !

O heavenly Joy !  
O Great & Sacred Blessedness  
Which I possess !  
So great a Joy  
Who did into my Arms convey ?

From God above  
Being sent, the Gift doth me enflame  
To praise his Name ;  
The Stars do move,  
The Sun doth shine, to shew his Lov.

O how Divine  
Am I ! To all this Sacred Wealth,  
This Life & Health,  
Who rais'd ? Who mine  
Did make the same ! What hand divine !

¶ *News.*

News from a forein Country came, ,  
 As if my Treasures & my Joys lay there ;  
 So much it did my Heart enflame,  
 'Twas wont to call my Soul into mine Ear ;  
     Which thither went to meet  
     Th' approaching Sweet,  
 And on the Threshold stood  
 To entertain the secret Good ;  
     It hover'd there  
 As if 'twould leav mine Ear,  
 And was so eager to embrace  
 Th' expected Tidings, as they came,  
 That it could change its dwelling-place  
     To meet the voice of Fame.

As if new Tidings were the Things  
 Which did comprise my wished unknown Treasure,  
 Or els did bear them on their wings,  
 With so much Joy they came, with so much Pleasure,  
     My Soul stood at the Gate  
     To recreäte  
 It self with Blifs, & woo  
 Its speedier Approach ; a fuller view  
     It fain would take,  
 Yet Journeys back would make  
 Unto my Heart, as if 'twould fain  
 Go out to meet, yet stay within,  
 Fitting a place to entertain  
     And bring the Tidings in.

What

What Sacred Instinct did inspire  
My Soul in Childhood with an hope so strong ?

What secret Force mov'd my Desire  
T' expect my Joys beyond the Seas, so yong ?  
Felicity I knew

Was out of view ;  
And being left alone,  
I thought all Happiness was gon  
From Earth : for this  
I long'd-for absent Blifs,  
Deeming that sure beyond the Seas,  
Or els in somthing near at hand  
Which I knew not, since nought did pleas  
I knew, my Blifs did stand.

But little did the Infant dream  
That all the Treasures of the World were by,  
And that himself was so the Cream  
And Crown of all which round about did ly.

Yet thus it was ! The Gem,  
The Diadem,  
The Ring enclosing all  
That stood upon this Earthen Ball ;  
The hev'nly Ey,  
Much wider than the Sky,  
Wherin they All included were ;  
The Lov, the Soul, that was the King  
Made to possess them, did appear  
A very little Thing.

*Felicity.*

¶ *Felicity.*

Prompted to seek my Bliss abov the Skies,  
How often did I lift mine Eys  
Beyond the Spheres !  
Dame Nature told me *there* was endless Space  
Within my Soul ; I spy'd its very face :  
Sure it not for nought appears.  
What is there w<sup>ch</sup> a Man may see  
Beyond the Spheres ?  
FELICITY.

There in the Mind of God, that Sphere of Lov,  
(In nature, hight, extent, abov  
All other Spheres,)  
A Man may see Himself, the World, the Bride  
Of God *His Church*, w<sup>ch</sup> as they there are ey'd  
Strangely exalted each appears :  
His Mind is higher than the Space  
Abov the Spheres,  
Surmounts all Place.

No empty Space ; it is all full of Sight,  
All Soul & Life, an Ey most bright,  
All Light & Lov ;  
Which doth at once all things possels & giv,  
Heaven & Earth, with All that therin liv ;  
It rests at quiet, & doth mov ;  
Eternal is, yet Time includes ;  
A Scene abov  
All Interludes.

*Adam.*

### § *Adam's Fall.*

God made Man upright at the first;  
 Man made himself by Sin accurst:  
 Sin is a Deviation from the Way  
 Of God: 'Tis that wherin a Man doth stray  
 From the first Path wherin he was to walk,  
 From the first Theme he was to talk.

His Talk was to be all of Prais,  
 Thanksgiving, Rapture, Holy-days;  
 For nothing els did with his State agree;  
 Being full of Wonder & Felicity,  
 He was in thankful fort to meditate  
 Upon the Throne in w<sup>ch</sup> he fate.

No Gold, nor Trade, nor Silver there,  
 Nor Cloaths, nor Coin, nor Houses were,  
 No gaudy Coaches, Feasts, or Palaces,  
 Nor vain Inventions newly made to pleas;  
 But Native Truth, and Virgin-Purity,  
 An uncorrupt Simplicity.

His faithful Heart, his Hands, & Eys  
 He lifted up unto the Skies;  
 The Earth he wondring kneel'd upon; the Air,  
 He was furrounded with; the Trees, the fair  
 And fruitful Fields, his needful Treasures were;  
 And nothing els he wanted there.

The World its self was his next Theme,  
Wherof himself was made Supream :  
He had an Angel's Ey to see the Price  
Of evry Creature ; that made Paradife :  
He had a Tongue, yea more, a Cherub's Senſe  
To feel its Worth & Excellence.

Encompaff'd with the Fruits of Lov,  
He crowned was with Heven above,  
Supported with the Foot-ftool of God's Throne,  
A Globe more rich than Gold or precious Stone,  
The fertil Ground of Pleaſure & Delight,  
Encircled in a Sphere of Light.

The Senſe of what He did poſſeſs  
Fill'd him with Joy & Thankfulneſs ;  
He was tranſported even here on Earth,  
As if he then in Heven had his Birth :  
The truth is, Heven did the Man ſurround,  
The Earth being in the middle found.

. § *The World.*

When *Adam* first did from his Dust arise,  
He did not see,  
Nor could there be  
A greater Joy before his Eys:  
The Sun as bright for me doth shine;  
The Spheres above  
Do shew his Lov,  
While they to kifs the Earth incline,  
The Stars as great a Service do;  
The Moon as much I view  
As *Adam* did, & all God's Works divine  
Are Glorious still, & Mine.

Sin spoil'd them; but my Savior's precious Blood  
Sprinkled I see  
On them to be,  
Making them all both safe & good:  
With greater Rapture I admire  
That I from Hell  
Redeem'd, do dwell  
On Earth as yet; and here a Fire  
Not scorching but refreshing glows,  
And living Water flows,  
Which *Dives* more than Silver doth request,  
Of Crystals far the best.

What



What shal I render unto thee, my God,  
    For teaching me  
    The Wealth to see  
Which doth enrich thy Great Abode?  
My virgin-thoughts in Childhood were  
    Full of Content,  
    And innocent,  
Without disturbance, free & clear,  
Ev'n like the Streams of Crystal Springs,  
    Where all the curious things  
Do from the bottom of the Well appear  
    When no filth or mud is there.

For so when first I in the Summer-fields  
    Saw golden Corn  
    The Earth adorn,  
(This day that Sight its Pleasure yields)  
No Rubies could more take mine Ey;  
    Nor Pearls of price,  
    By man's Device  
In Gold set artificially,  
Could of more worth appear to me,  
    How rich foe'r they be  
By men esteem'd; nor could these more be mine  
    That on my finger shine.

The azure Skies did with so sweet a smile,  
    Their Curtains spread  
    Abov my Head  
And with its hight mine Ey beguile;

So lovly did the distant Green  
That fring'd the field  
Appear, & yield  
Such pleasant Prospects to be seen  
From neigh'ring Hills; no precious Stone,  
Or Crown, or Royal Throne,  
Which do bedeck the Richest Indian Lord,  
Could such Delight afford.

The Sun, that gilded all the bordering Woods,  
Shone from the Sky  
To beautify  
My Earthly & my Heavenly Goods;  
Exalted in his Throne on high,  
He shed his Beams  
In golden Streams  
That did illustrat all the Sky;  
Those Floods of Light, his nimble Rays,  
Did fill the glitt'ring Ways,  
While that unsufferable piercing Ey  
The Ground did glorify.

The choicest Colors, Yellow, Green, & Blew  
Did all this Court  
In comly Sort  
With mixt varieties bestrew;  
Like Gold with Emeralds between;  
As if my God  
From his Abode  
By these intended to be seen.

And so

And so He was : I Him descry'd  
In's Works, the surest Guide  
Dame Nature yields ; His Lov, His Life doth there  
For evermore appear.

No House nor Holder in this World did I  
Observe to be ;  
What I did see  
Seem'd all *Mine Own* ; wherein did ly  
A Mine, a Garden, of Delights ;  
Pearls were but Stones ;  
And great King's Thrones,  
Compared with such Benefits,  
But empty Chairs ; a Crown, a Toy  
Scarce apt to pleas a Boy.  
All other are but petty trifling Shews,  
To that w<sup>ch</sup> God beltows.

A Royal Crown, inlaid with precious Stones,  
Did less surprize  
The Infant-Eys  
Of many other little Ones,  
Than the great Beauties of this Frame,  
Made for my sake,  
Mine Eys did take,  
Which I Divine, & *Mine*, do name.  
Surprizing Joys beyond all Price  
Compos'd a Paradise,  
Which did my Soul to lov my God enflame,  
And ever doth the same.

¶ *The Apostacy.*

One Star  
Is better far  
Than many Precious Stones :  
One Sun, which is by its own lustre seen,  
Is worth ten thousand Golden Thrones :  
A juicy Herb, or Spire of Grasse,  
In useful Virtu, native Green,  
An Em'rald doth surpass ;  
Hath in 't more Valu, tho less seen.

No Wars,  
Nor mortal Jars,  
Nor bloody Feuds, nor Coin,  
Nor Griefs w<sup>ch</sup> *those* occasion, saw I then ;  
Nor wicked Thievs w<sup>ch</sup> *this* purloin :  
I had no Thoughts that were impure ;  
Esteeming both Women & Men  
God's Work, I was secure,  
And reckon'd Peace my choicest Gem.

As *Eve*  
I did believ  
My self in *Eden* set,  
Affecting neither Gold, nor Ermin'd Crowns,  
Nor ought els that I need forget ;  
No Mud did foul my limpid Streams,  
No Mist eclypse my Sun with frowns ;  
Set off with hev'nly Beams,  
My Joys were Meadows, Fields, & Towns.  
Those

Those things  
Which *Cherubins*  
Did not at first behold  
Among God's Works, w<sup>ch</sup> *Adam* did not see ;  
As Robes, & Stones enchas'd in Gold,  
Rich Cabinets, & such like fine  
Inventions ; could not ravish me :  
I thought not Bowls of Wine  
Needful for my Felicity.

All Blifs  
Consists in this,  
To do as *Adam* did ;  
And not to know those superficial Joys  
Which were from him in *Eden* hid :  
Those little new-invented Things,  
Fine Lace & Silks, such Childish Toys  
As Ribbons are & Rings,  
Or worldly Pelf that Us destroys.

For God,  
Both Great & Good,  
The Seeds of Melancholy  
Created not : but only foolish Men,  
Grown mad with customary Folly  
Which doth increase their Wants, so dote  
As when they elder grow they then  
Such Baubles chiefly note ;  
More Fools at Twenty Years than Ten.  
But

( 31 )

But I,  
I know not why,  
Did learn among them too  
At length ; & where I once with blemisht Eys  
Began their Pence & Toys to view,  
Drown'd in their Customs, I became  
A Stranger to the Shining Skies,  
Loft as a dying Flame ;  
And Hobby-horſes brought to prize.

The Sun  
And Moon forgon,  
As if unmade, appear  
No more to me ; to God & Heaven dead  
I was, as tho they never were :  
Upon ſom ufeleſs gaudy Book,  
When what I knew of God was fled,  
The Child being taught to look,  
His Soul was quickly murdered.

O fine !  
O moſt divine !  
O brave ! they cry'd ; & ſhew'd  
Som Tinfel thing whoſe Glittering did amaze,  
And to their Cries its beauty ow'd ;  
Thus I on Riches, by degrees,  
Of a new Stamp did learn to gaze ;  
While all the World for theſe  
I loſt : my Joy turn'd to a Blaze.

¶ *Solitude.*

How desolate !

Ah ! how forlorn, how sadly did I stand  
When in the field my woful State  
I felt ! Not all the Land,  
Not all the Skies,  
Tho Heaven shin'd before mine Eys,  
Could Comfort yield in any Field to me,  
Nor could my Mind Contentment find or see.

Remov'd from Town,  
From People, Churches, Feasts, & Holidays,  
The Sword of State, the Mayor's Gown,  
And all the Neighb'ring Boys;  
As if no Kings  
On Earth there were, or living Things,  
The filent Skies salute mine Eys, the Seas  
My Soul furround ; no Rest I found, or Eas.

My roving Mind  
Search'd evry Corner of the spacious Earth,  
From Sky to Sky, if it could find,  
(But found not) any Mirth :  
Not all the Coasts,  
Nor all the great & glorious Hosts,  
In Hev'n or Earth, did any Mirth afford ;  
No welcom Good or needed Food, my Board.

I do believ,  
The Ev'ning being shady & obscure,  
The very Silence did me griev,  
And Sorrow more procure :  
A secret Want  
Did make me think my Fortune scant.  
I was so blind, I could not find my Health,  
No Joy mine Ey could there espy, nor Wealth.

Nor could I ghes  
What kind of thing I long'd for : But that I  
Did somewhat lack of Blessedness,  
Beside the Earth & Sky,  
I plainly found ;  
It griev'd me much, I felt a Wound  
Perplex me fore ; yet what my Store should be  
I did not know, nothing would shew to me.

Ye sullen Things !  
Ye dumb, ye silent Creatures, & unkind !  
How can I call you Pleasant Springs  
Unless ye eas my Mind !  
Will ye not speak  
What 'tis I want, nor Silence break ?  
O pity me, and let me see som Joy ;  
Som Kindness shew to me, altho a Boy.

They



They filent stood;  
Nor Earth, nor Woods, nor Hills, nor Brooks, nor Skies,  
Would tell me where the hidden Good,  
Which I did long for, lies:  
The shady Trees,  
The Ev'ning dark, the humming Bees,  
The chirping Birds, mute Springs & Fords, conspire,  
While they deny to answer my Desire.

Bells ringing I  
Far off did hear; fom Country Church they spake;  
The Noise re-ecchoing throu the Sky  
My Melancholy brake;  
When 't reacht mine Ear  
Som Tidings thence I hop'd to hear:  
But not a Bell me News could tell, or shew  
My longing Mind, where Joys to find, or know.

I griev'd the more,  
'Caus I therby somewhat encorag'd was  
That I from thence should learn my Store;  
For Churches are a place  
That nearer stand  
Than any part of all the Land  
To Hev'n; from whence fom little Sense I might  
To help my Mind receiv, & find fom Light.  
They

They louder found  
 Than men do talk, somthing they should Disclose;  
 The empty Sound did therfore wound  
 Becaus not shew Repose.  
 It did revive

To think that Men were there alive;  
 But had my Soul, call'd by the Toll, gon in,  
 I might have found, to eas my Wound, a Thing.

A little Eas  
 Perhaps, but that might more molest my Mind;  
 One flatt'ring Drop would more diseas  
 My Soul with Thirst, & grind  
 My Heart with grief:  
 For Peeple can yield no Relief  
 In publick fort when in that Court they shine,  
 Except they mov my Soul with Lov divine.

Th' External Rite,  
 Altho the face be wondrous sweet & fair,  
 Can satiate my Appetit  
 No more than empty Air  
 Yield solid Food.  
 Must I the best & highest Good  
 Seek to possess; or Blessedness in vain  
 (Tho 'tis alive in som place) strive to gain?

O! what would I  
Diseased, wanting, melancholy, giv  
To find *that* tru Felicity,  
The place where Blifs doth liv?  
Those Regions fair  
Which are not lodg'd in Sea nor Air,  
Nor Woods, nor Fields, nor Arbour yields, nor Springs,  
Nor Hev'ns shew to us below, nor Kings.

I might hav gon  
Into the City, Market, Tavern, Street,  
Yet only chang'd my Station,  
And strove in vain to meet  
That Eas of Mind  
Which all alone I long'd to find:  
A coomon Inn doth no such thing betray,  
Nor doth it walk in Peeple's Talk, or Play.

O Eden fair!  
Where shall I seek the Soul of Holy Joy  
Since I to find it here despair;  
Nor in the shining Day,  
Nor in the Shade,  
Nor in the Field, nor in a Trade  
I can it see? Felicity! Oh, where  
Shall I thee find to eas my Mind! Oh, where!  
*Poverty.*

¶ *Poverty.*

As in the House I fate  
 Alone & desolate,  
 No Creature but the Fire & I,  
 The Chimney & the Stool, I lift mine Ey  
     Up to the Wall,  
 And in the silent Hall  
     Saw nothing mine  
 But som few Cups & Dishes shine  
 The Table & the wooden Stools  
     Where Peeple us'd to dine :  
 A painted Cloth there was  
 Wherin som ancient Story wrought  
 A little entertain'd my Thought  
 Which Light discover'd throu the Glas.

I wonder'd much to see  
 That all my Wealth should be  
 Confin'd in such a little Room,  
 Yet hope for more I scarcely durst presume.  
     It griev'd me fore  
 That such a scanty Store  
     Should be my All :  
 For I forgot my Eas & Health,  
 Nor did I think of Hands or Eys,  
     Nor Soul nor Body prize ;  
 I neither thought the Sun,  
 Nor Moon, nor Stars, nor Peeple, *mine*,  
 Tho they did round about me shine ;  
 And therefore was I quite undon.

Som

Som greater things I thought  
 Must needs for me be wrought,  
 Which till my craving Mind could see  
 I ever should lament my Poverty :  
     I fain would have  
     Whatever Bounty gave ;  
     Nor could there be  
 Without, or Lov or Deity :  
 For, should not He be Infinit  
     Whose Hand created me ?  
     Ten thousand absent things  
 Did vex my poor & wanting Mind,  
 Which, till I be no longer blind,  
 Let me not see the King of Kings.

    His Lov must surely be  
     Rich, infinit, & free ;  
 Nor can He be thought a God  
 Of Grace & Pow'r, that fills not his Abode,  
     His Holy Court,  
     In kind & liberal Sort ;  
     Joys & Pleasures,  
 Plenty of Jewels, Goods, & Treasures,  
 (To enrich the Poor, cheer the forlorn)  
     His Palace must adorn,  
     And given all to me :  
 For till *His* Works *my* Wealth became,  
 No Lov, or Peace, did me enflame :  
 But now I have a DERRY.

*Dissatisfaction*

### § Dissatisfaction.

In Cloaths confin'd, my weary Mind  
Perfu'd Felicity ;

Throu ev'ry Street I ran to meet  
My Blifs:

But nothing would the same disclose to me.

## What is,

O where, the place of holy Joy !

Will nothing to my Soul fom Light convey!

In ev'ry Houſe I ſought for Health,  
Searcht ev'ry Cabinet to ſpy my Wealth,

I knockt at ev'ry Door,

Afkt ev'ry Man I met for Blifs,

In ev'ry School, & Colledg, fought for this:

But still was destitute & poor.

## My piercing Eys unto the Skies

I lifted up to see;

But no Delight my Appetit

Would fate ;

Nor would that Region fiew Felicity:

# My Fate

Deny'd the fame.    Above the Sky,

Yea all the Hev'n of Hev'ns, I lift mine Ey ;

But nothing more than empty Space

Would there discover to my Soul its face.

Then back diffatiffy'd

To Earth I came; among the Trees,

In Taverns, Houses, Feasts, & Palaces,

I fought it, but was still deny'd.

Panting & faint, full of Complaint,  
     I it perſu'd again  
 In Diadems, & Eaſtern Gems,  
                                     In Bags  
 Of Gold & Silver: But got no more Gain  
                                     Than Rags,  
 Or empty Air, or Vanity;  
 Nor did the Temples much more ſignify:  
     Dirt in the Streets; in Shops I found  
 Nothing but Toil. Walls only me ſurround  
     Of worthleſs Stones or Earth;  
     Dens full of Thievs, & thoſe of Blood,  
 Complaints & Widows Tears: no other Good  
     Could there deſcry, no Hev'nly Mirth.

Mens Cuſtoms here but vile appear;  
     The Oaths of Roaring Boys,  
 Their Gold that ſhines, their ſparkling Wines,  
                                     Their Lies,  
 Their gawdy Trifles, are miſtaken Joys:  
                                     To prize  
 Such Toys I loath'd. My Thirſt did burn;  
 But where, O whither ſhould my Spirit turn!  
     Their Games, their Bowls, their cheating Dice,  
 Did not complet, but ſpoil, my Paradife,  
     On things that gather Ruſt,  
     Or modiſh Cloaths, they fix their minds,  
 Or ſottiſh Vanity their Fancy blinds,  
     Their Eys b'ing all put out with Duſt.

Sure

Sure none of these, senseless as Trees,  
Can shew me true Repose.

*Philosophy* ! canst thou descry  
My Bliss ?

Will Books or Sages it to me disclose ?

I miss

Of this in all : They tell me Pleasure,  
Or earthly Honor, or a fading Treasure,

Will never with it furnish me.

But then, Where is ? What is, Felicity ?

Here Men begin to doat,

Stand unresolv'd, they cannot speak

What 'tis ; & all or most that Silence break

Discover Nothing but their Throat.

Weary of all that since the Fall

Mine Eys on Earth can find,

I for a Book from Heaven look,

Since here

No Tidings will salute or ease my Mind :

Mine Ear,

My Ey, my Hand, my Soul, doth long  
For some fair Book fill'd with Eternal Song.

O *that* ! my Soul : for *that* I burn :

*That* is the Thing for w<sup>ch</sup> my Heart did yearn.

Diviner Counsels there ;

The Joys of God, the Angels Songs,

The secret Causes w<sup>ch</sup> employ their Tongues,

Will surely please when they appear.



What Sacred Ways! What hev'nly Joys!  
Which Mortals do not see?  
What hidden Springs! What glorious Things  
Abov!  
What kind of Life among them led may be  
In Lov!  
What Causes of Delight they have!  
What pleasing joyous Objects God them gave!  
This mightily I long'd to know;  
Oh, that som Angel these would to me shew!  
How full, divine, & pure,  
Their Blifs may be, including All  
Things visibler or invisibler, which shall  
To Everlasting firm endure.

O this! In this I hop'd for Blifs;  
Of this I dreamt by Night:  
For this by Day I gasping lay;  
Mine Eys  
For this did fail: For this, my great Delight  
The Skies  
Became, in hopes they would disclose  
My Sacred Joys, & my desir'd Repose.  
Oh! that som Angel would bring down  
The same to me; That Book should be my Crown.  
I breathe, I long, I seek:  
Fain would I find, but still deny'd,  
I fought in ev'ry Library & Creek  
Until *the Bible* me supply'd.

¶ *The Bible.*

That! That! There I was told  
 That I *the Son of God* am made,  
*His Image.* O Divine! And that fine Gold,  
 With all the Joys that here do fade,  
 Are but a Toy, compared to the Blifs  
 Which Hev'nly, God-like, & Eternal is.

That We on earth are Kings;  
 And, tho we're cloath'd with mortal Skin,  
 Are Inward Cherubins; hav Angels Wings;  
 Affections, Thoughts, & Minds within,  
 Can soar throu all the Coasts of Hev'n & Earth;  
 And shall be fated with Celestial Mirth.

---

¶ *Christendom.*

When first mine Infant-Ear  
 Of *Christendom* did hear,  
 I much admir'd what kind of Place or Thing  
 It was of which the Folk did talk:  
 What Coast, what Region, what therin  
 Did mov, or might be seen to walk.  
 My great Desire  
 Like ardent fire  
 Did long to know what Things did ly behind  
 That *Mystic Name*, to w<sup>ch</sup> mine Ey was blind.  
 Som

Som Depth it did conceal,  
 Which till it did reveal  
 Its self to me, no Quiet, Peace, or Rest,  
 Could I by any Means attain ;  
 My earnest Thoughts did me molest  
 Till som one should the thing explain :  
     I thought it was  
     A Glorious Place,  
 Where Souls might dwell in all Delight & Blifs ;  
 So thought, yet fear'd that I the Truth might mis:

Among ten thousand things,  
 Gold, Silver, Cherub's Wings,  
 Pearls, Rubies, Diamonds, a Church w<sup>th</sup> Spires,  
 Masks, Stages, Games & Plays,  
 That then might suit my yong Desires,  
 Feathers, & Farthings, Holidays,  
     Cards, Musick, Dice,  
     So much in price ;  
 A *City* did before mine Eys present  
 Its self, wherein there reigned sweet Content.

A Town beyond the Seas,  
 Whose Prospect much did pleas,  
 And to my Soul so sweetly raise Delight  
 As if a long expected Joy,  
 Shut up in that transforming Sight,  
 Would into me its Self convey ;  
     And Blessedness  
     I there possess,

As if that City stood on my own Ground,  
And all the Profit mine w<sup>ch</sup> there was found.

Whatever Force me led,  
My Spirit sweetly fed  
On these Conceits; That 'twas a City strange,  
Wherein I saw no gallant Inns,  
No Markets, New or Old Exchange,  
No Childish Trifles, useles Things;  
Nor any Bound  
That Town furround;  
But as if all its Streets ev'n endless were;  
Without or Gate or Wall it did appear.

Things Native sweetly grew,  
Which there mine Ey did view,  
Plain, simple, cheap, on either side the Street,  
Which was exceeding fair & wide;  
Sweet Mansions there mine Eys did meet;  
Green Trees the shaded Doors did hide:  
My chiefest Joys  
Were Girls & Boys  
That in those Streets still up & down did play,  
Which crown'd the Town with constant Holiday.

A sprightly pleasant Time,  
(Ev'n Summer in its prime)  
Did gild the Trees, the Houses, Children, Skies,  
And made the City all divine;  
It ravished my wondring Eys  
To see the Sun so brightly shine:

The

The Heat & Light  
Seem'd in my sight  
With such a dazling Lustre shed on them,  
As made me think 'twas th' *New Jerusalem*.

Beneath the lofty Trees  
I saw, of all Degrees,  
Folk calmly sitting in their doors; while som  
Did standing with them kindly talk,  
Som smile, som sing, or what was don  
Observ, while others by did walk;  
They view'd the Boys  
And Girls, their Joys,  
The Streets adorning with their Angel-faces,  
Themselvs diverting in those pleasant Places.

The Streets like Lanes did seem,  
Not pav'd with Stones, but green,  
Which with red Clay did partly mixt appear;  
'Twas Holy Ground of great Esteem;  
The Springs choice Liveries did wear  
Of verdant Grasse that grew between  
The purling Streams,  
Which golden Beams  
Of Light did varnish, coming from the Sun,  
By w<sup>ch</sup> to distant Realms was Service don.

In fresh & cooler Rooms  
Retir'd they dine: Perfumes  
They wanted not, having the pleasant Shade,  
And Peace to blest their House within,

By

By sprinkled Waters cooler made,  
For those incarnat Cherubin.

This happy Place,  
With all the Grace  
The Joy & Beauty which did it befeem,  
Did ravish me & highten my Esteem.

That here to rais Desire  
All Objects do confpire,  
Peeple in Years, & Yong enough to play,  
Their Streets of Houfes, comon Peace,  
In one continued Holy day  
Whose gladfom Mirth fhall never ceafe:  
Since thefe becom  
My *Chriftendom*,  
What learn I more than that *Jerufalem*  
Is *mine*, as 'tis *my Maker's*, choicest Gem.

Before I was aware  
Truth did to me appear,  
And repreſented to my Virgin-Eys  
Th' unthought of Joys & Treasures  
Wherin my Blifs & Glory lies;  
My God's Delight, (w<sup>ch</sup> givs me Meafure)  
His Turtle Dov,  
Is Peace & Lov  
In Towns: for holy Children, Maids, & Men  
Make up the King of Glory's Diadem.

¶ *On Christmas-Day.*

Shall Dumpish Melancholy spoil my Joys  
     While Angels sing  
     And Mortals ring  
     My Lord & Savior's Prais !  
 Awake from Sloth, for that alone destroys,  
 'Tis Sin defiles, 'tis Sloth puts out thy Joys.  
     See how they run from place to place,  
     And seek for Ornaments of Grace ;  
     Their Houses deckt with sprightly Green,  
     In Winter makes a Summer seen ;  
     They Bays & Holly bring  
     As if 'twere Spring !

Shake off thy Sloth, my drouzy Soul, awake ;  
     With Angels sing  
     Unto thy King,  
     And pleasant Musick make ;  
 Thy Lute, thy Harp, or els thy Heart-strings take,  
 And with thy Musick let thy Sense awake.  
     See how each one the other calls  
     To fix his Ivy on the walls,  
     'Transplanted there it seems to grow  
     As if it rooted were below :  
     Thus He, who is thy King,  
     Makes Winter, Spring.

Shall

Shall Houses clad in Summer-Liveries

His Praises sing

And laud thy King,

And wilt not thou arise ?

Forfake thy Bed, & grow (my Soul) more wife,

Attire thy self in cheerful Liveries :

Let pleasant Branches still be seen

Adorning thee, both quick & green ;

And, which with Glory better suits,

Be laden all the Year with Fruits ;

Inferted into Him,

For ever spring.

'Tis He that Life & Spirit doth infuse :

Let ev'ry thing

The Praises sing

Of *Christ* the King of Jews ;

Who makes things green, & with a Spring infuse

A Season w<sup>ch</sup> to see it doth not use :

Old Winter's Frost & hoary hair,

With Garland's crowned, Bays doth wear ;

The nipping Frost of Wrath b'ing gon,

To Him the Manger made a Throne,

Du Praises let us sing,

Winter & Spring.

See how, their Bodies clad with finer Cloaths,

They now begin

His Prais to sing

Who purchas'd their Repose :

Wherby



Wherby their inward Joy they do disclose;  
 Their Drefs alludes to better Works than thofe:

His gayer Weeds & finer Band,  
 New Suit & Hat, into his hand  
 The Plow-man takes; his neateft Shoos,  
 And warmer Glovs, he means to ufe:  
 And fhall not I, my King,  
 Thy Praifes fing?

See how their Breath doth fmoak, & how they hafte

His Prais to fing  
 With Cherubim;

They fcarce a Break-fast tafte;  
 But throu the Streets, left precious Time fhould wafte,  
 When Service doth begin, to Church they hafte.

And fhall not I, Lord, com to Thee,  
 The Beauty of thy Temple fee?  
 Thy Name with Joy I will confefs,  
 Clad in my Savior's Righteoufnefs;  
 'Mong all thy Servants fing  
 To Thee my King.

'Twas thou that gav'ft us Caus for fine Attires;

Ev'n thou, O King,  
 As in the Spring,

Dof't warm us with thy fires  
 Of Lov: Thy Blood hath bought us new Defires;  
 Thy Righteoufnefs doth cloath with new Attires.  
 Both fresh & fine let me appear  
 This Day divine, to clofe the Year;

Among

( 51 )

Among the rest let me be seen  
A living Branch & always green,  
Think it a pleasant thing  
Thy Prais to sing.

At break of Day, O how the Bells did ring?  
To thee, my King,  
The Bells did ring;  
To thee the Angels sing:  
Thy Goodness did produce this other Spring.  
For this it is they make the Bells to ring:  
The founding Bells do throu the Air  
Proclaim thy Welcom far and near;  
While I alone with Thee inherit  
All these Joys, beyond my Merit.  
Who would not always sing  
To such a King?

I all these Joys, above my Merit, see  
By Thee, my King,  
To whom I sing,  
Entire convey'd to me.  
My Treasure, Lord, thou mak'st the People be  
That I with pleasure might thy Servants see.  
Ev'n in their rude external ways  
They do set forth my Savior's Prais,  
And minister a Light to me;  
While I by them do hear to Thee  
Praises, my Lord & King,  
Whole Churches ring.

Hark

Hark how remoter Parishes do found !  
     Far off they ring  
     For thee, my King,  
     Ev'n round about the Town :  
 The Churches scatter'd over all the Ground  
 Serv for thy Prais, who art with Glory crown'd.  
     This City is an Engin great  
     That makes my Pleasure more compleat ;  
     The Sword, the Mace, the Magistrate,  
     To honor Thee attend in State ;  
         The whole Assembly sings ;  
         The Minster rings.

---

### ¶ *Bells. I.*

Hark ! hark, my Soul ! the Bells do ring,  
     And with a louder voice  
 Call many Families to sing  
 His publick Praises, & rejoice :  
 Their shriller Sound doth wound the Air,  
 Their grosser Strokes affect the Ear,  
 That we might thither all repair  
     And more Divine ones hear.  
         If lifeless Earth  
         Can make such Mirth,  
 What then shall Souls above the starry Sphere !  
Bells

Bells are but Clay that men refine  
     And rais from duller Ore ;  
 Yet now, as if they were divine,  
 They call whole Cities to adore ;  
 Exalted into Steeples they  
 Disperse their Sound, & from on high  
 Chime-in our Souls ; they ev'ry way  
     Speak to us throu the Sky :  
         Their iron Tongues  
         Do utter Songs,  
 And shall our stony Hearts make no Reply !

From darker Mines & earthy Caves  
     At last let Souls awake,  
 And leaving their obscurer Graves  
 From lifeless Bells example take ;  
 Lifted abov all earthly Cares,  
 Let them (like these) rais'd up on high,  
 Forfaking all the baser Wares  
     Of dull Mortality,  
         His Praises sing,  
         Tunably ring,  
 In a less Distance from the peaceful Sky.

---

II.

From Clay, & Mire, & Dirt, my Soul,  
From vile & common Ore,  
Thou must ascend ; taught by the Toll  
In what fit place thou mayst adore ;  
Refin'd by fire, thou shalt a Bell  
Of Prais becom, in Mettal pure ;  
In Purity thou must excell,  
No Soil or Grit endure.  
Refin'd by Lov,  
Thou still *abov*  
Like them must dwell, & other Souls allure.

Doth not each trembling Sound I hear  
Make all my Spirits dance ?  
Each Stroak 's a Message to my Ear  
That casts my Soul into a Trance  
Of Joy : They're us'd to notify  
Religious Triumphs, & proclaim  
The Peace of Christianity,  
In *Jesus* holy Name.  
Authorities .  
And Victories .  
Protect, increas, enrich, adorn the fame.

Kings

Kings, O my Soul, & Princes now  
     Do prais His holy Name,  
 Their golden Crowns & Scepters bow  
 In Honor of my Lord : His Fame  
 Is gon throu-out the World, who dy'd  
 Upon the Crofs for me : And He  
 That once was basely crucify'd  
     Is own'd a Deity.  
         The Higher Powers  
         Hav built these Towers  
 Which here aspiring to the Sky we see.

Those Bells are of a piece, & found,  
     Whose wider mouths declare  
 Our Duty to us : Being round  
 And smooth & whole, no Splinters are  
 In them, no Cracks, nor holes, nor flaws  
 That may let out the Spirits thence  
 Too soon ; *that* would harsh Jarring caus  
     And lose their Influence.  
         We must unite  
         If we Delight  
 Would yield or feel, or any Excellence.

¶ *Churches. I.*

Those stately Structures w<sup>ch</sup> on Earth I view  
 To God erected, whether Old or New;  
 His Sacred Temples w<sup>ch</sup> the World adorn,  
 Much more than Mines of Ore or Fields of Corn  
 My Soul delight: How do they pleas mine Ey  
 When they are fill'd with His Great Family!  
 Upon the face of all the peepl'd Earth  
 There's no such sacred Joy or solemn Mirth,  
 To pleas & satisfie my Heart's Desire,  
 As that wherewith my Lord is in a Quire,  
 In holy Hymns by warbling Voices praif'd,  
 With Eys lift up, & joint Affections raif'd.

The Arches built (like Hev'n) wide & high  
 Shew his Magnificence & Majesty  
 Whose House it is: With so much Art & Cost  
 The Pile is fram'd, the curious Knobs embost,  
 Set off with Gold, that me it more doth pleas  
 Than Princes Courts or Royal Palaces;  
 Great Stones pil'd up by costly Labors there  
 Like Mountains carv'd by human Skill appear;  
 Where Towers, Pillars, Pinnacles, & Spires  
 Do all concur to match my great Desires,  
 Whose Joy it is to see such Structures raif'd  
 To th' end my God & Father should be praif'd.

## II.

Were there but one alone  
 Wherin we might approach his Throne,  
 One only where we should accepted be,  
     As in the Days of old  
 It was, when *Solomon* of Gold  
 His Temple made; we then should see  
 A numerous Host approaching it,  
 Rejoicing in the Benefit :  
     The Queen of *Sheba* com  
     With all her glorious Train,  
         The *Pope* from *Rome*,  
     The Kings beyond the Main ;  
 The Wife men of the East from far,  
     As guided by a Star,  
 With Rev'rence would approach that Holy Ground,  
 At that sole Altar be adoring found.

Great Lords would thither throng,  
 And none of them without a Song  
 Of Prais; Rich Merchants also would approach  
     From ev'ry forein Coast ;  
 Of Ladies too a shining Host,  
 If not on Horse-back, in a Coach ;  
 This Single Church would crouded be  
 With Men of Great & High Degree :  
     Princes we might behold  
     With glitt'ring Scepters there



( 58 )

In-laid with Gold  
And precious Stones, draw near.  
No Room for mean Ones there would be,  
Nor place for Thee & Me :  
An endless Troop would crouding there appear,  
Bringing new Presents daily ev'ry Year.

But now we Churches have  
In ev'ry Coast, which Bounty gave  
Most freely to us; now they sprinkled stand  
With so much Care & Lov,  
Tokens of Favor from above,  
That men might com in ev'ry Land  
To them with greater Eas; lo, we  
Those blest Abodes neglected see:  
As if our God were worse  
Becaus His Lov is more,  
And doth disburse  
Its self in greater Store;  
Nor can object with any face  
The Distance of the place;  
Ungrateful We with slower haste do com  
Unto his Temple, 'caus 'tis nearer home.

*Misapprehension.*

¶ *Misapprehension.*

Men are not wise in their Tru Interest,  
 Nor in the Worth of what they long posselt :  
 They know no more what is their Own  
 Than they the Valu of't have known.  
 They pine in Misery,  
 Complain of Poverty,  
 Reap not where they hav sown,  
 Griev for Felicity,  
 Blaspheme the Deity ;  
 And all becaus they are not blest  
 With Eys to see the Worth of Things :  
 For did they know their Reall Interest,  
 No doubt they'd all be Kings.

There's not a Man but covets & desires  
 A Kingdom, yea a World ; nay, he aspires  
 To all the Regions he can spy  
 Beyond the Hev'ns Infinity :  
 The World too little is  
 To be his Sphere of Blifs ;  
 Eternity must be  
 The Object of his View  
 And his Possession too ;  
 Or els Infinity's a Dream  
 That quickly fades away ; He loves  
 All Treasures ; but he hates a failing Stream  
 That dries up as it movs.

Can Fancy make a Greater King than God?

Can Man within his Sovereign's Abode

Be dearer to himself than He

That is the Angels Deity?

*Man* is as wel belov'd

As they, if he improv'd

His Talent as we see

They do; and may as well

In Blessedness excell.

But Man hath lost the ancient Way,

That Road is grown into Decay;

Brambles shut up the Path, & Briars tear

Those few that pass by there.

They think no Realms nor Kingdoms theirs,

No Lands nor Houses, that have other Heirs.

But native Sense taught me more Wit,

The World did too, I may admit:

As soon as I was born

It did my Soul adorn,

And was a Benefit

That round about me lay;

And yet without Delay

'Twas seated quickly in my Mind,

Its Uses also I yet find

Mine own: for God, that All things would impart,

Center'd it in my Heart.

The World set in Man's Heart, & yet not His!

Why, all the Compass of this great Abyss,

The

Th' united Service & Delight,  
 Its Beauty that attracts the Sight,  
     That Goodness which I find,  
     Doth gratify my Mind;  
     The common Air & Light  
     That shines, doth me a Pleasure  
     And surely is my Treasure:  
 Of it I am th' inclusive Sphere,  
 It doth entire in me appear  
 As well as I in it: It givs me Room,  
     Yet lies within my Womb.

---

### § *The Improvement.*

'Tis more to *recollect* than *make*; the one  
 Is but an Accident without the other:  
 We cannot think the World to be the Throne  
 Of God, unless his *Wisdom* shine as Brother  
     Unto his *Power*, in the Fabrick, so  
     That we the one may in the other know.

His *Goodness* also must in both appear,  
 And All the Children of his *Love* be found,  
 In the Creation of the Starry Sphere,  
 And in the framing of the fruitful Ground,  
     Before we can that *Happiness* descry  
     Which is the Daughter of the *DEITY*.

His

His *Wisdom* 's seen in ord'ring this Great House ;  
 His *Power* shines in governing the Sun ;  
 His *Goodness* doth exceeding Marvellous  
 Appear in ev'ry Thing His Hand hath don :  
 And all his Works, in their Variety,  
 United or asunder, pleas the Ey.

But neither *Goodness*, *Wisdom*, *Power*, nor *Love*,  
 Nor *Happiness* its self, in things could be,  
 Did they not all in *one fair Order* mov,  
 And jointly by their Service *end* in Me.  
 Had He not made an Ey to be the Sphere  
 Of all these Things, How could their Use appear ?

His *Wisdom*, *Goodness*, *Power*, as they unite  
 All Things in *One*, that they may be the Treasures  
 Of *one Enjoyer*, reach the utmost Hight  
 They can attain ; & are then Our Pleasures,  
 When all the Univers combines in *One*  
 T' exalt a Creature, as if *that* alone.

To make the Product of far distant Seas  
 Meet in a *point*, be present to *mine* Ey  
 In Viru, not in Bulk ; one Man to pleas  
 With His wise Conduct of the Hevens high ;  
 From East, & West, & North, & South to bring  
 The useful Influence of ev'ry Thing ;

Is far more *Great* than to create them where  
 They now do stand ; His *Wisdom* more approv'd,  
 So do His *Might* & *Goodness* more appear,  
 In *recollecting* All that should be lov'd,  
     That *All* might be a Gift to ev'ry *One*,  
     Than in the sev'ral Parts of His wide Throne.

By *wife Contrivance* He doth All things guide,  
 And so dispose them, that while they unite,  
 For *Man* He endless Pleasures doth provide,  
 And shews that *Happiness* is His Delight ;  
     His Creature's Happiness, as well as *His* :  
     For *that* in Truth he seeks ; and *that*'s his Bliss.

O Rapture ! Wonder ! Ecstasy ! Delight !  
 How Great then must His *Glory* be ! How great  
 Our Blessedness ! How vast & infinit  
 Our Pleasure ! How transcendent ! How compleat !  
     If We the *Goodness* of our God possess,  
     And all *His Joy* be in *Our Blessedness*.

*Almighty Power*, when it is employ'd  
 For *One*, that he with Glory might be crown'd ;  
*Eternal Wisdom*, when it is enjoy'd  
 By *One*, whom all its Beauties do surround ;  
     Produce a Creature that will all his Days  
     Return the Sacrifice of *Endless Prais*.

But

But, Oh ! The Vigor of mine Infant-Senſe  
 Drives me too far : I had not yet the Ey,  
 The Apprehenſion, or Intelligence,  
 Of things ſo very Great, Divine, & High.  
     To me the Off-ſpring of Eternity  
     And *mine* they were, & therefore pleaſ'd mine Ey.

That was enough at firſt. *Eternity*,  
*Infinity*, & *Lov*, were ſilent Joys ;  
*Pow'r*, *Wiſdom*, *Goodneſs*, & *Felicity* ;  
 All theſe, which now our Care & Sin deſtroys,  
     By Inſtinct *virtually* I did diſcern,  
     And by their *Representatives* did learn.

As Sponges gather Moiſture from the Earth  
 Wheron there is ſcarce any Sign of Dew ;  
 As Air infecteth Salt ; ſo at my Birth  
 All theſe were unperceiv'd, yet near & tru:  
     Not by Reflection, or diſtinctly known ;  
     But, by their *Efficacy*, all mine own.

---

### ¶ *The Odour.*

Theſe Hands are Jewels to the Ey,  
 Like Wine, or Oil, or Hony, to the Taſte :  
 Theſe Feet which here I wear beneath the Sky  
     Are uſ'd, yet never waſte.  
 My Members all do yield a ſweet Perfume ;  
 They miniſter Delight, yet not conſume.

Ye living Gems, how Tru! how Near!  
 How Reall, Useful, Pleasant! O how Good!  
 How Valuable! yea, how Sweet! how Fair!  
     B'ing once well understood!  
 A Gem retains its Worth by being intire,  
 Sweet Scents diffus'd do gratify Desire.

Can melting Sugar sweeten Wine?  
 Can Light communicated keep its Name?  
 Can Jewels solid be, tho they do shine?  
     Embody'd Fire flame?  
 Ye solid are, & yet do Light dispenſe;  
 Abide the ſame, tho yield an Influence.

Your Uſes flow while ye abide:  
 The Services which I from you receiv  
 Like ſweet Infuſions throu me daily glide  
     Ev'n while they Senſe deceiv,  
 B'ing unobserv'd: for *only Spirits ſee*  
*What Treasures Services & Uſes be.*

The *Services* w<sup>ch</sup> from you flow  
 Are ſuch diffuſiv Joys as know no meaſure;  
 Which ſhew His boundleſs Lov who did beſtow  
     Theſe Gifts to be my Treasure.  
 Your Subſtance is the Tree on which it grows;  
 Your Uſes are the Oil that from it flows.

Thus



Thus Hony flows from Rocks of Stone ;  
 Thus Oil from Wood ; thus Cider, Milk, & Wine,  
 From Trees & Flefh ; thus Corn from Earth ; to one  
     That 's hev'nly & divine.  
 But He that cannot like an Angel fee,  
 In Heaven its felf fhall dwell in Mifery.

If firft I learn not what 's *Your Price*  
 Which are alive, & are to me fo near ;  
 How fhall I all the Joys of Paradife,  
     Which are fo Great & Dear,  
 Esteem ? Gifts ev'n at diftance are our Joys,  
 But lack of Senfe the Benefit deftroys.

Liv to thy Self ; thy Limbs efteem :  
 From Hev'n they came ; with Mony can't be bought :  
 And b'ing fuch Works as God himfelf befeem,  
     May *precious* well be thought.  
*Contemplat* then the Valu of this Treafure ;  
 By *that* alone thou feeleft all the Pleafure.

Like Amber fair thy Fingers grow ;  
 With fragrant Hony-fucks thy Head is crown'd ;  
 Like ftars, thine Eys ; thy Cheeks like Rofes fhew :  
     All are Delights profound.  
 Talk with thy felf ; thy felf enjoy & fee :  
 At once the Mirror & the Object be.

What 's

What's Cinnamon, compar'd to thee?  
 Thy Body is than Cedars better far:  
 Those Fruits & Flowers which in Fields I see,  
     With *thine* can not compare.  
 Where thou hast mov'd aright, the Scent I find  
 Of fragrant Myrrh & Aloes left behind.

But what is Myrrh? What Cinnamon?  
 What Aloes, Cassia, Spices, Hony, Wine?  
 O sacred *Uses*! You to think upon  
     Than these I more incline.  
 To see, taste, smell, observe; is to no End,  
 If I *the Use* of each don't apprehend.

---

### ¶ *Admiration*

Can Human Shape so taking be,  
     That Angels com & sip  
     *Ambrosia* from a Mortal Lip!  
 Can Cherubims descend with Joy to see  
     God in his Works beneath!  
     Can Mortals breath  
     FELICITY!  
 Can Bodies fill the hev'nly Rooms  
     With welcom Odours & Perfumes!  
 Can Earth-bred Flow'rs adorn Celestial Bowers  
 Or yield such Fruits as pleas the hev'nly Powers!  
     Then

Then may the Seas with Amber flow ;  
The Earth a Star appear ;  
Things be divine & heavenly here.  
The Tree of Life in Paradiſe may grow  
Among us now : the Sun  
Be quite out-don  
By Beams that ſhew  
More bright than his : Celeſtial Mirth  
May yet inhabit all this Earth.  
It cannot be ! Can Mortals be ſo blind ?  
Hav Joys ſo near them, w<sup>ch</sup> they never mind ?

The Lilly & the Roſy-Train  
Which, ſcatter'd on the ground,  
Salute the Feet which they ſurround,  
Grow for thy ſake, O Man ; that like a Chain  
Or Garland they may be  
To deck ev'n thee :  
They all remain  
Thy Gems ; & bowing down their head  
Their liquid Pearl they kindly ſhed  
In Tears ; as if they meant to waſh thy Feet,  
For Joy that they to ſerv thee are made meet.

The Sun doth ſmile, & looking down  
From Hev'n doth bluſh to ſee  
Himſelf excelled here by Thee :  
Yet frankly doth diſpers his Beams to crown  
A Creature ſo divine ;

He

He loves to shine,  
 Nor lets a Frown  
 Eclyps his Brow, becaus he givs  
 Light for the Use of one that livs  
 Abov himself. Lord! What is Man that he  
 Is thus admired like a Deity!

---

¶ *The Approach.*

That Childish Thoughts such Joys inspire  
 Doth make *my* Wonder & *his* Glory higher;  
 His Bounty & My Wealth more great;  
 It shews his Kingdom & his Work compleat,  
 In which there is not any thing  
 But what may be improv'd by God my King.

He in our Childhood with us walks,  
 And with our Thoughts mysteriously He talks;  
 He often visiteth our Minds,  
 But cold Acceptance frequently He finds:  
 We often fend Him griev'd away,  
 Els He would oftner com & longer stay.

O Lord, I wonder at thy Lov  
 Which did my Infancy so early mov:  
 But more at that which did forbear  
 And mov'd so long, tho slighted many a Year:  
 But most of all, O God, that thou  
 Shouldst me at last convert I scarce know how.  
 Thy

Thy Gracious Motions oft in vain  
Affaulted me : My Heart did hard remain  
Long time : I sent my God away  
Much griev'd y<sup>t</sup> He could not impart His Joy.  
I careless was, nor did regard  
The End for which He all these Thoughts prepar'd.

But now with new & open Eys  
I see beneath as if above the Skies :  
When I on what is past reflect  
His Thoughts & Mine I plainly recollect ;  
He did approach me, nay, did woo ;  
I wonder that my God so much would do.

From Nothing taken first I was :  
What wondrous things His Goodness brought to pass.  
Now in this World I Him discern,  
And what His Dealings with me meant I learn,  
He sow'd in me Seeds of Delights  
That might grow up to future Benefits.

Of Thoughts His Goodness long before  
Prepar'd a precious & celestial Store ;  
And with such curious Art in-laid,  
That Childhood might its self alone be said  
My Tutor, Teacher, Guide to be ;  
Ev'n then instructed by the Deity.

*Nature*

¶ *Nature.*

That *Custom* is a Second *Nature*, we  
 Most plainly find by Nature's Purity:  
 For Nature teacheth nothing but the Truth;  
 I'm sure *mine* did so, in my Virgin-Youth.  
 As soon as He my Spirit did inspire,  
 His Works He bid me in the World admire.  
 My Senses were Informers of my Heart,  
 The Conduits of His Glory, Pow'r, & Art:  
 His Greatness, Wisdom, Goodness, I did see,  
 Endearing Lov, & vast Eternity,  
 Almost as soon as born; & ev'ry Sense  
 Was in me like to som Intelligence.  
 I was by nature prone & apt to lov  
 All Light & Beauty, both in Hev'n above  
 And Earth beneath; was ready to admire,  
 Adore & prais, as well as to desire.  
 My Inclinations rais'd me up on high,  
 And guided me to trace Infinity.  
 A secret Self I had enclos'd within,  
 That was not bounded with my Cloaths or Skin,  
 Or terminated with my Sight, whose Sphere  
 Ran parallel with that of Heaven here:  
 And did, much like the subtil piercing Light,  
 Whenfenc'd from rough & boistrous Storms by night,  
 Break throu the Lanthorn-sides, & with its Ray  
 Diffuse its Glory spreading ev'ry way:

Whose steady Beams, too subtil for the Wind,  
 Are such that we their Bounds can hardly find.  
 It did encompass & possess Rare Things,  
 But yet felt more; & on Angelick Wings  
 Pierc'd throu the Skies immediatly, & fought  
 For all that could beyond all Worlds be thought.  
 It did not go or mov, but in me stood,  
 And by dilating of its self, all Good  
 It try'd to reach; I found it present there,  
 Ev'n while it did remain conversing here;  
 And more suggested than I could discern,  
 Or ever since by any means could learn.  
 Vast, unaffected, wonderful, Desires,  
 Like nativ, ardent, inward, hidden Fires,  
 Sprang up, with Expectations very strange,  
 Which into stronger Hopes did quickly change;  
 For all I saw beyond the Azure Round  
 Seem'd endless Darknes, with no Beauty crown'd.  
 Why Light should not be there as well as here;  
 Why Goodness should not likewise there appear;  
 Why Treasures & Delights should bounded be  
 Since there is such a wide Infinity:  
 These were the Doubts & Troubles of my Soul,  
 By w<sup>ch</sup> we may perceiv (without controul)  
 A World of endless Joys by Nature made  
 That needs must always flourish, never fade.  
 A wide, magnificent, & spacious Sky,  
 A Fabrick worthy of the Deity;  
 Clouds here & there like winged Chariots flying;  
 Flowers ever flourishing, yet always dying;

A Day of Glory where I all things see  
 Enrich'd with Beams of Light as 'twere for me;  
 And that, after the Sun withdraws his Light,  
 Succeeded with a shady glorious Night;  
 The Moon & Stars shedding their Influence  
 On all things, as appears to common Sense:  
 With secret Rooms in Times & Ages more  
 Past & to come, enlarging my great Store.  
 These all in Order present unto me  
 My happy Eys were able then to see,  
 With other Wonders, to my Soul unknown  
 Till they by Men & Reading first were shewn.  
 And yet there were many new Regions more  
 Into all which my new-fledg'd Soul did soar,  
 Whose endless Spaces, like a Cabinet,  
 Were fill'd with various Joys in order set.  
 The *Empty*, like to wide & vacant Room  
 For Fancy to enlarge in, & presume  
 A Space for more, not fathom'd yet, implies  
 The Boundlessness of what I ought to prize.  
 Here I was seated to behold New Things  
 In th' August-Mansion of the King of Kings;  
 And All was *mine*. The Author yet not known,  
 But that there must be one was plainly shewn;  
 Which Fountain of Delights must needs *be Lov*  
 As all the Goodness of the Things did prov:  
 Of whose Enjoyment I am made the End,  
 While, how the same is so, I comprehend.



¶ *Eas:*

How easly doth *Nature* teach the Soul !  
 How irresistable is her Infusion !  
 There's Nothing found that can her Force controll  
 But Sin. How weak & feeble's all Delusion !

Things false are forc'd & most elaborate ;  
 Things pure & tru are obvious unto Sense :  
 The first Impressions in our earthly State  
 Are made by Things of highest Excellence.

How easy is it to believ the Sky  
 Is wide, & great, & fair ! How soon may we  
 Be made to know the Sun is bright, & high,  
 And very glorious, when its Beams we see !

That all the Earth is one continu'd Globe ;  
 And that all Men therin are Living Treasures ;  
 That Fields & Meadows like a glorious Robe  
 Adorn it with variety of Pleasures.

That all we see is *Ours*, & evry *One*  
 Possessor of the whole ; That evry Man  
 Is like a God incarnat in his Throne,  
 Ev'n as *the first* for whom the World began.

Whom All are taught to honor, serv, & lov,  
 Becaus he is Belov'd of God most High,  
 And therefore ev'ry Man is plac'd abov  
 His Brother, for the Proof of Charity.

That

That all may happy be, each one most blest  
 Both in himself & others; All supream,  
 While All by Each, & Each by All posselt;  
 Are inter-mutual Joys, beyond a Dream.

This shews a wise Contrivance, & discovers  
 A Great Creator sitting on the Throne,  
 Who so disposeth things for all His Lovers,  
 That evry One might reign, like God, Alone.

---

### ¶ *Dumneß.*

Sure Man was born to meditat on things,  
 And to contemplat the Eternal Springs  
 Of God & Nature, Glory, Blifs, & Pleasure;  
 That Life & Lov might be his chiefeft Treasure:  
 And therefore *Speechleß* made at first, that he  
 Might in himself profoundly busied be;  
 Not giving vent before he hath ta'n in  
 Such Antidotes as guard his Soul from Sin.

Wise Nature made him *Deaf* too, that he might  
 Not be disturb'd while he doth take Delight  
 In inward Things; nor be deprav'd with Tongues,  
 Nor injur'd by the Errors & the Wrongs  
 That *mortal Words* convey: For Sin & Death  
 Are most infused by accursed Breath  
 That, flowing from corrupted Intrails, bear  
 Those hidden Plagues w<sup>ch</sup> Souls may justly fear.

This,

This, (my dear Friends) this was my bleſſed Caſe;  
 For, nothing ſpake to me but the fair Face  
 Of Hev'n & Earth, when yet I could not ſpeak:  
*I did my Bliff, when I did Silence, break.*

My Non-Intelligence of Human Words  
 Ten thouſand Pleaſures unto me affords:  
 For, while I knew not what to me they ſaid;  
 Before *Their* Souls were into *Mine* convey'd;  
 Before *that* Living Vehicle of Wind  
 Did breathe into me their infected Mind;  
 Before My Thoughts with *Theirs* were leavened,  
 The Gate of Souls as yet not opened:  
 Then did I dwell within a World of Light  
 Retir'd & ſeparat from all mens Sight;  
 Where I did feel ſtrange Thoughts, & Secrets ſee  
 That were (or ſeem'd) only reveal'd to Me:  
 There I ſaw all the World enjoy'd by One;  
 There All Things ſeem'd to end in Me alone:  
 No Buſineſs ſerious deem'd, but that w<sup>ch</sup> is  
 Deſign'd to perfect my Eternal Blifs.

D'ye aſk me What? It was for to admire  
 The Satisfaction of all Juſt Deſire:  
 'Twas to be pleaſ'd with all that God had don:  
 'Twas to enjoy All that's beneath the Sun:  
 'Twas with a ſteddy, quick, & lively Senſe  
 Duly to eſtimat the Excellence  
 Of all God's Works: T' inherit endleſs Treafure,  
 And to be fill'd with Everlaſting Pleaſure:  
 To prize, & prais. Thus was I ſhut within  
 A Fort impregnable to any Sin,

Till

Till the Avenues being open laid,  
Whole Legions enter'd, & the Fort betray'd.

Yer which unhappy time, within my Mind  
A Temple & a Teacher I could find,  
With a large Text to comment on: No Ear,  
But Eys themselvs were all the Hearers there ;  
And evry Stone & evry Star a Tongue,  
And evry Gale of Wind a Psalm or Song:  
The Hevens were an Oracle, & spake  
Divinity ; the Earth did undertake  
The Office of a Priest ; and I b'ing dumb,  
(Nothing besides was so) All things did com  
With Voices & Instructions. But when I  
Had learnt to speak, their Pow'r began to dy :  
Mine Ears let other Noises in, not theirs ;  
A Noise disturbing all my Hymns & Pray'rs:  
My Foes pull'd down my Temple to the ground,  
And my untainted Soul did deeply wound ;  
Marr'd all my inward Faculties ; destroy'd  
The Oracle, & all I there enjoy'd.

Yet to mine Infancy what first appear'd ;  
Those Truths w<sup>ch</sup> (being Speechless) I had heard,  
Preventing all the rest, got such a Root  
Within my Heart, & stick so close unto 't ;  
It may be trampled on ; but still will grow,  
And Nutriment to *Soil* its self will ow.

*The first Impressions are immortal all :*  
And let my Foes cry ne'r so loud, or call ;  
Yet these still whisper, if I will but hear,  
And penetrat the Heart, if not the Ear.

*My Spirit.*

# ¶ *My Spirit.*

My naked simple Life was I :  
 That Act so strongly shin'd  
 Upon the Earth, the Sea, the Sky,  
 It was the Substance of the Mind ;  
 The Sense its self was I.

I felt no Dross nor Matter in my Soul,  
 No Brims nor Borders, such as in a Bowl  
 We see: My Essence was *Capacity*.

*That* felt all things ;  
 The Thought that springs  
 There-from 's its Self: It hath no other Wings  
 To spread abroad, nor Eys to see,  
 No pair of Hands to feel,  
 Nor Knees to kneel:  
 But being Simple, like the Deity,  
 In its own Center is a Sphere,  
 Not limited, but evry-where.

It acts not from a Center to  
 Its Object, as remote ;  
 But present is, where it doth go  
 To view the Being it doth note :  
 • Whatever it doth do,  
 It doth not by another Engin mov,  
 But by & of its self doth Activ prov :  
 Its Essence is transform'd into a tru

And

And perfect Act.  
 And so exact  
 Hath God appear'd in this mysterious Fact,  
 That 'tis all Ey, all Act, all Sight;  
 Nay, what it pleas can be;  
 Not only see  
 Or do: for 'tis more voluble than Light,  
 Which can put on ten thousand Forms,  
 Being cloath'd with what its self adorns.

This made me present evermore  
 With whatsoere I saw.  
 An Object, if it were before  
 Mine Ey, was by Dame Nature's Law  
 Within my Soul: Her Store  
 Was all at once within me; all her Treasures  
 Were my immediat & internal Pleasures;  
 Substantial Joys, which did inform my Mind.  
 With all she wrought  
 My Soul was fraught,  
 And evry Object in my Heart, a Thought  
 Begot or was: I could not tell  
 Whether the Things did there  
 Themselvs appear,  
 Which in *my Spirit truly* seem'd to dwell:  
 Or whether my conforming Mind  
 Were not ev'n all that therin shin'd.

But

But yet of this I was most sure,  
That at the utmost length  
(So worthy is it to endure)  
My Soul could best express its Strength :  
It was so quick & pure  
That all my Mind was wholly Ev'ry-where ;  
What-e'r it saw, 'twas actually *there* ;  
The Sun, ten-thousand Stages off, was nigh ;  
The utmost Star,  
Tho seen from far,  
Was present in the Apple of mine Ey :  
*There* was my Sight, my Life, my Sense,  
My Substance, ev'n my Mind :  
My Spirit shin'd  
Ev'n there, not by a *transcunt* Influence.  
The Act was immanent, yet *there* ;  
The Thing remote, yet felt ev'n *here*.

O Joy ! O Wonder & Delight !  
O sacred Mystery !  
My Soul a Spirit wide & bright !  
An Image of the Deity !  
A most Substantial Light !  
*That* being Greatest which doth Nothing seem !  
Why, 'twas my All : I nothing did esteem  
But *that* alone ; A strange, a living Sphere !  
A deep Abyss  
That sees & is  
The only proper Place of hev'nly Bliss.

To its Creätor 'tis so near  
In Lov & Excellence,  
In Life & Sense,  
In spiritual Worth & Frame ; so Dear :  
That it, without *Hyperbole*,  
Is own'd *His Son & Friend* to be.

A strange extended Orb of Joy  
Proceeding from within,  
Which did on evry side display  
Its force ; & being nigh of Kin  
To God, did evry way  
Dilate its Self ev'n *instantaneously*,  
Yet an Indivisible Center stay,  
In it furrounding all Eternity.  
'Twas not a Sphere ;  
Yet did appear  
One infinit : 'Twas somewhat evry-where.  
And what it had a Power to see,  
On that it always shin'd :  
For 'twas a Mind  
Exerted, reaching to Infinity :  
'Twas not a Sphere ; but 'twas a Power  
More high & lasting than a Tower.

O wondrous Self ! O Sphere of Light !  
Emblem of Day most fair !  
O Pow'r & Act, *next Infinit*,  
Like subtil & unbounded Air !  
O Living Orb of Sight !

Thou



Thou that within me art, my Self! An Ey  
 Or Temple of a wide Infinity!  
 O What a World art Thou! a World within!  
     In thee appear  
     All Things, & are  
 Alive in Thee! super-substantial, rare,  
     Abov themselvs, & near a-kin  
     To those pure Things we find  
     In His Great Mind  
 Who made the World! Tho now eclypf'd by Sin,  
     Yet this within my Intellect  
     Is found, when on it I reflect.

---

### ¶ *Silence.*

A quiet silent Person may possess  
 All that is Great or Good in Blessedness:  
 The Inward Work is the Supream; for all  
 The other were occasion'd by the Fall.  
 A man, that seemeth Idle to the view  
 Of others, may the greatest Business do:  
 Those Acts which *Adam* in his Innocence  
 Was to perform, had all the Excellence:  
 Others which he knew not (how good so-e'r)  
 Are meaner Matters, of a lower Sphere;  
 Building of Churches; Giving to the Poor;  
 In Dust & Ashes lying on the floor;  
 Administring of Justice; Preaching Peace;  
 Plowing & Toiling for a forc'd Increas;  
With

With Visiting the Sick, or Governing  
 The Rude & Ignorant. This was a thing  
 As then unknown: for neither Ignorance,  
 Nor Poverty, nor Sicknefs, did advance  
 Their Banner in the World, till Sin came in;  
 Since *that, these* to be needful did begin.

The first & only Work he had to do,  
 Was, of his Blifs to take a grateful View;  
 In all the Goods he did poffefs, rejoice;  
 Sing Praifes to his God with cheerful voice;  
 T' exprefs his hearty Thanks, & inward Lov,  
 Which is the beft accepted Work abov  
 Them all. And this at firft was *mine*: Thefe were  
 My Exercifes of the higheft Sphere.  
 To fee, approv, take pleasure, & rejoice  
 In Heart; is better than the loudeft Nois.  
 No Melody in Words can equal *that*:  
 The sweeteft Organ, Lute, or Harp, is flat  
 And dull, compar'd therto. O! that I ftill  
 Could prize my Father's Lov & Holy Will!  
 This is to honor, worfhip, & adore;  
 This is to fear Him; nay, it is far more:  
 'Tis to enjoy him, & to imitate  
 The very Life & Blifs of His High 'State:  
 'Tis to receiv with holy Reverence  
 His mighty Gifts, & with a fitting Senfe  
 Of pure Devotion, & Humility,  
 To prize his Works, his Lov to magnify.

O happy Ignorance of other Things,  
 Which made me prefent with the King of Kings,  
And

And like Him too! All Spirit, Life, & Power,  
 Wreathed into a never-fading Bower.  
 A World of Innocence as then was mine,  
 In which the Joys of Paradise did shine;  
 And while I was not here, I was in Heaven,  
 Not Resting *One*, but evry Day, in *Seven*:  
 At all times minding with a lively Sense  
 The Univers in all its Excellence.  
 No other Thoughts did intervene, to cloy,  
 Divert, extinguish, or eclyps my Joy:  
 No Worldly Customs, new-found Wants or Dreams  
 Invented here, polluted my pure Streams:  
 No Wormwood-Star into my Sea did fall;  
 No rotten Seed, or Bitterness of Gall,  
 Tainted my Soul. From all Contagion free,  
 I could discern with an unclouded Ey,  
 In that fair World One onely was the Friend,  
 One Spring, one living Stream, one only End;  
 There only One did sacrifice & sing  
 To only One Eternal Hev'nly King:  
 The Union was so strict betwixt the Two,  
 That All was Either's which my Soul did view;  
 His Gifts, & my Possessions, both our Treasures;  
 He *Mine*, & I the Ocean of *His* Pleasures:  
 He was an Ocean of Delights, from whom  
 The Springs of Life & Streams of Bliss did com;  
 My Bosom was an Ocean into which  
 They all did run, that me they might enrich.  
 A vast & measure-less Capacity  
 Enlarg'd my Soul like to the Deity,

In whose myſterious Mind & potent Hand  
 All Ages & all Worlds together ſtand;  
 Who, tho He nothing *ſaid*, did always reign,  
 And in Himſelf *Eternity* contain.  
 When in my Soul the King of Kings did fit,  
 The World was more *in me*, than I *in it*.  
 And to Himſelf, in Me, He ever gave  
 All that He takes Delight to ſee me have.  
 Ev'n thus my Spirit was an Endleſs Sphere,  
 Like God himſelf; He, Hev'n, & Earth, being there.

---

### ¶ *Right Apprehenſion.*

Giv but to things their tru Eſteem,  
 And thoſe which now ſo vile & worthleſs ſeem  
 Will ſo much fill & pleas the Mind,  
 That we ſhall there the only Riches find.

How wiſe was I  
 In Infancy!

I then ſaw in the cleareſt Light;  
 But corrupt Cuſtom is a ſecond Night.

Cuſtom; that muſt a Trophy be  
 When Wiſdom ſhall compleat her Victory:  
 For Trades, Opinions, Errors, are  
 Faſe Lights, but yet receiv'd to ſet off Ware  
 More faſe: We're fold  
 For worthleſs Gold.

Diana was a Goddeſs made  
 That Silver-Smiths might have the better Trade.  
 But

But giv to Things their tru Esteem,  
And then what 's magnify'd most vile will seem:

What commonly's despis'd, will be  
The truest & the greatest Rarity.

What Men should prize  
They all despise;  
The best Enjoyments are abus'd;  
The Only Wealth by Madmen is refus'd.

A Globe of Earth is better far  
Than if it were a Globe of Gold: A Star  
Much brighter than a precious Stone:  
The Sun more Glorious than a Costly Throne;  
His warming Beam,  
A living Stream  
Of liquid Pearl, that from a Spring  
Waters the Earth, is a most precious thing.

What Newness once suggested to,  
Now clearer Reason doth improv, my View:  
By Novelty my Soul was taught  
At first; but now Reality my Thought  
Inspires: And I  
Perspicuously  
Each way instructed am; by Sense  
Experience, Reason, & Intelligence.

A Globe of Gold must Barren be,  
Untill'd & Useless: We should neither see  
Trees, Flowers, Grass, or Corn  
Such a Metalline Massy Globe adorn:

As

As Splendor blinds,  
 So Hardness binds;  
 No Fruitfulness it can produce;  
 A Golden World can't be of any Use.

Ah me! This World is more divine:  
 The Wisdom of a God in this doth shine.  
 What ails Mankind to be so cross?  
 The Useful Earth they count vile Dirt & Dross:  
 And neither prize  
 Its Qualities,  
 Nor Donor's Lov. I fain would know  
 How or why Men God's Goodness disallow.

The Earth's rare ductile Soil,  
 Which duly yields unto the Plow-man's Toil,  
 Its fertile Nature, gives Offence;  
 And its Improvment by the Influence  
 Of Hev'n; For, these  
 Do not well pleas,  
 Because they do upbraid Mens hardned Hearts,  
 And each of them an Evidence imparts

Against the Owner; whose Design  
 It is that Nothing be reputed fine,  
 Nor held for any Excellence,  
 Of which he hath not in himself the Sense.  
 He too well knows  
 That no Fruit grows  
 In him, Obdurate Wretch, who yields  
 Obedience to Hev'n, less than the Fields:

But being, like his loved Gold,  
Stiff, barren, & impen'trable; tho told  
He should be otherwise: He is  
Uncapable of any hev'nly Blifs.  
His Gold & he  
Do well agree;  
For he's a formal Hypocrite,  
Like *that* Unfruitful, yet on th' outside bright.

Ah! Happy Infant! Wealthy Heir!  
How blessed did the Hev'n & Earth appear  
Before thou knew'ft there was a thing  
Call'd Gold! Barren of Good; of Ill the Spring  
Beyond Compare!  
Most quiet were  
Those Infant-Days, when I did see  
Wisdom & Wealth couch'd in Simplicity.

---

II.

If this I did not evry moment see,  
And if my Thoughts did stray  
At any time, or idly play,  
And fix on other Objects: yet  
This *Apprehension* fet  
In me  
Secur'd my Felicity.

¶ *Fulneß.*

That Light, that Sight, that Thought,  
Which in my Soul at first He wrought,  
Is sure the only Act to which I may

Assent this day :

The Mirror of an endless Life ;

The Shadow of a Virgin-Wife ;

A Spiritual Creation within ;

An Universe enclos'd in Skin :

My Power exerted, or my perfect Being,

If not Enjoying, yet an Act of Seeing :

My Blifs

Consists in this ;

My Duty too

In this I view.

It is a Fountain, or a Spring

Refresh'ing me in ev'ry thing ;

From whence those living Streams I do derive,

By which my thirsty Soul is kept alive.

The Center & the Sphere

Of my Delights are here :

It is my David's Tower

Where all my Armor lies,

The Fountain of my Power,

My Blifs, my Sacrifice ;

A little Spark

That shining in the dark

Makes & encourages my Soul to rise.



( 90 )

The Root of Hope, the Golden Chain ;  
Whose End is, as the Poets feign,  
Fasten'd to the very Throne  
Of JOVE:  
It is a Stone  
On which I sit ;  
An endless Benefit,  
That, being made my Regal Throne,  
Doth prov  
An Oracle of His Eternal Lov.

---

¶ *Speed.*

The liquid Pearl in Springs,  
The useful & the precious Things,  
Are in a moment known :  
Their very Glory does reveal their Worth ;  
(And *that* doth set their Glory forth.)  
As soon as I was born they all were shewn.

Tru living Wealth did flow  
In Crystal-Streams below  
My feet ; & trilling down  
In tru, substantial, & immaculat Pleasure,  
(A precious & diffusiv Treasure,)  
At once my Body fed, & Soul did crown.

I was as high & great  
 As Kings are in their Seat :  
 All other Things were mine ;  
 The World my House, the Creatures were my Goods ;  
 Fields, Mountains, Vallies, Woods,  
 Men & their Arts, to make me Rich combine.

Great, fair, & valuable,  
 Various & innumerable,  
 Most useful & divine,  
 (Such as to be my Treasures fittest were,)  
 The Sacred Objects did appear,  
 All full of Worth, as well as *Mine*.

New all ! New polish'd Joys ;  
 Tho now by other Toys  
 Eclyps'd : *New* all, & *mine*.  
 This Sacred Truth more welcom seem'd to me,  
 Becaus the Best of Things I see  
 Were mine, w<sup>ch</sup> shew'd my State to be divine.

Nor did the Angels Faces,  
 The Glories & the Graces,  
 The Beauty, Peace, & Joy  
 Of Hev'n its self, more Sweetness yield to me.  
 Till curst Sin did all destroy,  
 These were the Off-spring of the Deity.

¶ *The Choice.*

When first *Eternity* stoopt down to *Nought*  
 And in the Earth its Likeness fought;  
 When first it out of Nothing fram'd the Skies,  
 And form'd the Moon & Sun  
 That we might see what it had don;  
     It was so wise  
     That it did prize  
 Things truly Greatest, fittest, fairest, best;  
 All such it made, & left the rest.

Then did it take such Care about the Truth,  
 Its Daughter, that, ev'n in her Youth,  
 Her Face might shine upon us, & be known;  
     That by a better Fate  
 It other Toys might antedate,  
     As soon as shewn;  
     And be our own,  
 While we are Hers: And that a Virgin-Lov  
 Her best Inheritance might prov.

Thoughts undefiled, holy, good, & pure,  
 Thoughts worthy ever to endure,  
 Our first & disengaged Thoughts it loves;  
     And therefore made the Truth,  
 In Infancy & tender Youth,  
     So obvious to  
     Our native View  
 That it doth prepossess our Soul, & provs  
 The Caus of what it always movs.

By

By Merit & Desire it doth allure,  
 For Truth is so divine & pure,  
 So rich & acceptable, being seen,  
     (Not parted, but i' th' whole)  
 That it doth draw & force my Soul,  
     As the Great Queen  
     Of Bliss; between  
 Whom & the Soul no one Pretender ought  
 Thrust in, to captivat a Thought.

Hence did *Eternity* contrive to make  
 The Truth so winning for our sake,  
 That being *Truth*, & *fair*, & *easy* too,  
     While it on all doth shine,  
 We might by it become divine;  
     B'ing led to woo  
     The thing we view,  
 And as chaste Virgins early with it join,  
 That by it we might likewise shine.

*Eternity* doth give the Richest Things  
 To every Man, & makes *all* Kings:  
 The Best & Choicest Things it doth convey  
     To *All* & every *One*.  
 It raised Me unto a Throne!  
     Which I enjoy  
     In such a way,  
 That *Truth* her Daughter is my Only Bride,  
 Her Daughter Truth's my chiefest Pride.

All mine ! And seen so easily ! How blest !  
 How soon am I of all possesst !  
 My Infancy no sooner opes its Eys  
 But strait the spacious Earth  
 Abounds with Glory, Peace, & Mirth.  
 If thou be Wife,  
 The very Skies  
 And all abov them are Thine Own ; possesst  
 In such a way as is the Best.

---

### § *The Person.*

Ye sacred Limbs,  
 A richer Blazon I will lay  
 On you, than first I found :  
 That, like Celestial Kings,  
 Ye might with Ornaments of Joy  
 Be always crown'd.  
 A deep Vermilion on a Red,  
 On *that* a Scarlet, I will lay ;  
 With Gold I'll crown your Head,  
 Which like the Sun shall ray :  
 With Robes of Glory & Delight  
 I'll make you bright.  
 Mistake me not : I do not mean to bring  
 New Robes, but to display the thing ;  
 Nor *paint*, nor *cloath*, nor *crown*, nor add a *Ray* ;  
 But glorify by taking all away.

The

The Naked Things  
 Are most sublime, & brightest shew,  
 When they alone are seen :  
 Mens Hands than Angels Wings  
 Are truer Wealth, tho here below ;  
 For those but seem.  
 Their Worth they then do best reveal  
 When we all *Metaphors* remov ;  
 For, *Metaphors* conceal,  
 And only Vapors prov.  
 They best are blazon'd when we see  
 Th' Anatomy,  
 Survey the Skin, cut up the Flesh, the Veins  
 Unfold ; the Glory there remains :  
 The Muscles, Fibres, Arteries, & Bones,  
 Are better far than Artificial Stones.

Shall I not then  
 Delight in this most Sacred Treasure,  
 Which my Great Father gave,  
 Far more than other men  
 Delight in Plate ? Since these do pleasure  
 And make us brave !  
 Much braver than the Pearl & Gold  
 That glitter on a Lady's Neck.  
 The Rubies we behold,  
 The Diamonds that deck  
 The Hands of Queens, compar'd unto  
 The Limbs we view ;  
 The whitest Lillies, blushing Roses, are  
 Left Ornaments to those that wear

The

The fame, than are the Hands, & Lips, & Eys  
Of them who those false Ornaments so prize.

Let Verity  
Be thy Delight: Let me esteem  
Tru Wealth far more than Toys:  
Let Sacred Riches be,  
While the fictitious only seem,  
My Reall Joys:  
For Golden Chains & Bracelets are  
But gilded Manacles, wherby  
Old *Satan* doth ensnare,  
Allure, bewitch the Ey.  
Thy Gifts, O God, alone I'll prize,  
My Tongue, my Eys,  
My Cheeks, my Lips, mine Ears, my Hands, my Feet;  
Their Harmony is far more sweet,  
Their Beauty tru. And these, in all my Ways,  
Shall be the Themes & Organs of thy Prais.

¶ *The Estate.*

But shall my Soul no Wealth possess?  
 No Outward Riches have?  
 Shall Hands & Eys alone expresse  
 Thy Bounty, which the Grave  
 Will soon devour? Shall I become  
 Within my self *a Living Tomb*  
 Of useles Wonders? Shall the fair, & brave,  
 And great Endowments of my Soul ly waste;  
 Which ought to be a Fountain & a Womb  
 Of Praises unto Thee?  
 Shall there no Outward Objects be  
 For these to see & taste?  
 Not so, my God, for other Joys & Pleasures  
 Are the Occasion that my Limbs are Treasures.

My Palat is a Touch-stone fit  
 To taste how Good Thou art;  
 My other Members second it,  
 Thy Praises to impart:  
 There's not an Ey that's fram'd by Thee  
 But is thy Life & Lov to see:  
 Nor is there, Lord, upon mine Head, an Ear,  
 But that the Musick of Thy Works should hear:  
 Each Toe, each Finger, by thy pow'rful Skill  
 Created, should distill  
 Ambrosia; more than Nectar flow  
 From evry Joint I ow,  
 B'ing well-employ'd; for they Thy Holy Will  
 Are activ Instruments made to fulfill.

Elixirs



Elixirs richer are than Drofs ;  
 The End is more divine  
 Than are the Means : But Dung & Lofs  
 Materials (tho they shine  
 Like Gold & Silver) are, compar'd  
 To what Thy Spirit doth regard,  
 Thy Will require, Thy Lov embrace, thy Mind  
 Esteem, thy Wisdom most illustrious find.  
 These are the Things God reckons His Reward ;  
 A grateful Heart that pays  
 Homage to Him without Delays ;  
 A Tongue that's us'd to prais ;  
 A bended Knee ; an Ey fixt on the Skies ;  
 A du Employment of our Faculties.

For this the Hev'ns were made as well  
 As Earth, the spacious Seas  
 Are ours : the Stars that Gems excell,  
 And Air, design'd to pleas  
 Our Earthly part ; the very Fire  
 For Uses which our Needs require :  
 The Orb of Light in its wide Circuit movs ;  
 Corn for our Food springs out of very Mire ;  
 Fences and Fewel grow in Woods & Groves ;  
 Choice Herbs & Flow'rs aspire  
 To kiss our Feet ; Beasts court our Lovs.  
 How Glorious is Man's Fate !  
 The Laws of God, the Works He did create,  
 His ancient Ways, are *His* and *My Estate*.

*The*

### § *The Evidence.*

His *Word* confirms the Sale :  
 Those Sheets enfold my Blifs :  
 Eternity its felf's the Pale  
 Wherin my tru Estate enclosed is :  
 Each ancient Miracle's a Seal :  
 Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs, Patriarchs are  
 The Witneffes ; and what their Words reveal,  
 Their written Records do declare.  
 All may well wonder fuch a 'State to fee  
 In fuch a folemn fort fettled on me.

Did not his *Word* proclaim  
 My Title to th' Estate,  
 His *Works* themfelves affirm the fame  
 By what they do ; my Wifh they antedate.  
 Before I was conceiv'd, they were  
 Allotted for my great Inheritance ;  
 As foon as I among them did appear  
 They did furround me, to advance  
 My Intereft & Lov. Each Creature fays,  
 God made us Thine, that we might fhew His Prais.

The Services they do,  
 Aloud proclaim them *Mine* ;  
 In that they are adapted to  
 Supply my Wants ; wherein they all combine  
 To pleas & fery me, that I may  
 God, Angels, Men, Fowls, Beasts, & Fish enjoy  
 Both

Both in a natural & transcendent way ;  
And to my Soul the Sense convey  
Of Wisdom, Goodness, Power, & Lov Divine,  
Which made them *all*, & made them to be *mine*.

---

¶ *The Enquiry.*

Men may delighted be with Springs,  
(While Trees & Herbs their Senses pleas,)  
Reap a rich Harvest from the Earth & Seas ;  
May think their Members things  
Of *earthly* Worth at least, if not *divine* ;  
And sing, because the Sun doth for them shine :

But can the Angels take Delight  
To see such Faces here beneath ?  
Or can Perfumes from sordid Dunghills breath ?  
Or is the World a Sight  
Worthy of them ? Then may we Mortals be  
Joint-Heirs with them of wide Eternity.

Ev'n Holy Angels may com down  
To walk on Earth, & find Delights  
That feed & pleas, ev'n here, their Appetites ;  
Our Joys compose a Crown  
For them. Men in God's Tabernacle may be,  
Where Palm-Trees with the Cherubs mix'd we see.  
Men's

Mens Senfes are indeed the Gems;  
 Their Praifes the moſt ſweet Perfumes;  
 Their God-like Souls do fill the hev'nly Rooms  
     Where Angels walk: the Pens  
 And Eys of thoſe bleſt Spirits are employ'd  
 To Note *our* Virtues, wherewith *they* are joy'd.

The Wonders that our God hath don;  
 The Glory of His Attributes,  
 Like dangling Apples, or much better Fruits,  
     Angelick Joys becom:  
 They ſee His Wiſdom & His Lov doth flow  
 Like Myrrh or Incenſe, even here below.

And Shall not We thoſe Joys poſſeſs  
 Which God for Man did chiefly make?  
 The Angels have them only for Our ſake!  
     And yet, They do confeſs  
 His Glory here on Earth to be ſublime,  
 His *God-head* in His Works appears Divine.

---

### ¶ *Shadows in the Water.*

In unexperienc'd Infancy  
 Many a ſweet Miſtake doth ly:  
 Miſtake tho false, intending tru;  
 A *Seeming* ſomewhat more than *View*;  
     That doth inſtruct the Mind  
     In Things that ly behind,

And

And many Secrets to us shew  
Which afterwards we com to know.

Thus did I by the Water's brink ·  
Another World beneath me think;  
And while the lofty spacious Skies  
Reversed there abus'd mine Eys,  
    I fancy'd other Feet  
    Came mine to touch or meet;  
As by som Puddle I did play  
Another World within it lay.

Beneath the Water Peeple drown'd,  
Yet with another Hev'n crown'd,  
In spacious Regions seem'd to go  
As freely moving to & fro:  
    In bright & open Space  
    I saw their very face;  
Eys, Hands, & Feet they had like mine;  
Another Sun did with them shine.

'Twas strange that Peeple there should walk,  
And yet I could not hear them talk:  
That throu a little watry Chink,  
Which one dry Ox or Horse might drink,  
    We other Worlds should see,  
    Yet not admitted be;  
And other Confines there behold  
Of Light & Darknes, Heat & Cold.



With Wonder see : What Faces there,  
Whose Feet, whose Bodies, do ye wear ?

I my Companions see

In You, another Me.

They seem'd Others, but are We ;  
Our second Selvs those Shadows be.

Look how far off those lower Skies  
Extend themselvs ! scarce with mine Eys  
I can them reach. O ye my Friends,  
What *Secret* borders on those Ends ?

Are lofty Hevens hurl'd

'Bout your inferior World ?

Are ye the Representatives  
Of other Peopl's distant Lives ?

Of all the Play-mates w<sup>ch</sup> I knew  
That here I do the Image view  
In other Selvs ; what can it mean ?  
But that below the purling Stream

Som unknown Joys there be

Laid up in Store for me ;

To which I shall, when that thin Skin  
Is broken, be admitted in.

---

¶ *On Leaping over the Moon.*

I saw new Worlds beneath the Water ly,  
New Peeple ; yea, another Sky

And

And Sun, which seen by Day  
Might things more clear display.  
Just such another  
Of late my Brother  
Did in his Travel see, & saw by Night,  
A much more strange & wondrous Sight :  
Nor could the World exhibit such another,  
So Great a Sight, but in a Brother.

Adventure strange ! No such in Story we  
New or old, tru or feigned, see.  
On Earth he seem'd to mov  
Yet Heaven went abov ;  
Up in the Skies  
His Body flies  
In open, visible, yet Magick, fort :  
As he along the Way did sport,  
Over the Flood he takes his nimble Cours  
Without the help of feigned Horfe.

As he went tripping o'r the King's high-way,  
A little pearly River lay  
O'r which, without a Wing  
Or Oar, he dar'd to fwim,  
Swim throu the Air  
On Body fair ;  
He would not use nor trust *Icarian* Wings  
Lest they should prov deceitful things ;  
For had he faln, it had been wondrous high,  
Not from, but from abov, the Sky :



He might hav dropt throu that thin Element  
     Into a fathomless Descent ;  
         Unto the nether Sky  
         That did beneath him ly,  
             And there might tell  
             What Wonders dwell  
 On Earth abov. Yet doth he briskly run,  
     And bold the Danger overcom ;  
 Who, as he leapt, with Joy related soon  
     How *happy* he o'r-leapt the Moon.

What wondrous things upon the Earth are don  
     Beneath, & yet abov, the Sun ?  
         Deeds all appear again  
         In higher Spheres ; remain  
             In Clouds as yet :  
             But there they get  
 Another Light, & in another way  
     Themselvs to us *abov* display.  
 The Skies themselvs this earthly Globe furround ;  
     W' are even here within them found.

On hev'nly Ground within the Skies we walk,  
     And in this middle Center talk :  
         Did we but wisely mov,  
         On Earth in Hev'n abov,  
             Then soon should we  
             Exalted be  
 Abov the Sky : from whence whoever falls,  
     Through a long difsmall Precipice,

Sinks

Sinks to the deep Abyfs where *Satan* crawls  
Where horrid Death & Defpair lies.

As much as others thought themfelves to ly  
Beneath the Moon, fo much more high  
Himself he thought to fly  
Abov the ftarry Sky,  
As *that* he fpy'd  
Below the Tide.

Thus did he yield me in the fhady Night  
A wondrous & instructiv Light,  
Which taught me that under our Feet there is,  
As o'r our Heads, a Place of Blifs.

To the fame purpos ; he, not long before  
Brought home from Nurfe, going to the door  
To do fom little thing  
He muft not do within,  
With Wonder cries,  
As in the Skies

He faw the Moon, *O yonder is the Moon*  
*Newly com after me to Town,*  
*That shin'd at Lugwardin but yesternight,*  
*Where I enjoy'd the felf-fame Light.*

As if it had ev'n twenty thoufand faces,  
It fhines at once in many places ;  
To all the Earth fo wide  
God doth the Stars divide

With

( 108 )

With ſo much Art  
The Moon impart,  
They ſerv us all; ſerv wholly ev'ry One  
As if they ſerved him alone.  
While evry ſingle Perſon hath ſuch Store,  
'Tis want of Senſe that makes us poor.

---

¶ *Sight.*

Mine Infant-Ey  
Abov the Sky  
Diſcerning endleſs Place,  
Did make me ſee  
Two *Sights* in me,  
Three Eys adorn'd my Face :  
Two Luminaries in my Fleſh  
Did me reſreſh ;  
But one did lurk within,  
Beneath my Skin,  
*That* was of greater Worth than both the other ;  
For thoſe were Twins ; but this had ne'r a Brother.

Thoſe Eys of Senſe  
That did diſpenſe  
Their Beams to nat'ral things,  
I quickly found  
In narrow Bound  
To know but earthly Springs.

But

But *that* which throu the Hevens went  
Was excellent,  
And Endless; for the Ball  
Was Spirit'all:  
A viviv Ey things visible doth see;  
But with th' Invifible, Invifibles agree.

One World was not  
(Be't ne'r forgot)  
Ev'n then enough for me:  
My better Sight  
Was infinit,  
New Regions I must see.  
In distant Coasts new Glories I  
Did long to spy:  
What this World did present  
Could not content;  
But, while I look'd on Outward Beauties *here*,  
Most earnestly expected Others *there*.

I know not well  
What did me tell  
Of endless Space: but I  
Did in my Mind  
Som such thing find  
To be beyond the Sky  
That had no Bound; as certainly  
As I can see  
That I have Foot or Hand  
To feel or stand:

Which

Which I discerned by another Sight  
 Than that which grac'd my Body much more bright.

I own it was  
 A Looking-Glass  
 Of signal Worth ; wherin,  
 More than mine Eys  
 Could see or prize,  
 Such things as Virtues win,  
 Life, Joy, Lov, Peace, appear'd : a Light  
 Which to my Sight  
 Did Objects represent  
 So excellent ;  
 That I no more without the same can see  
 Than Beasts that have no tru Felicity.

This Ey alone,  
 (That peer hath none)  
 Is such, that it can pry  
 Into the End  
 To which things tend,  
 And all the Depths descry  
 That God & Reason do include.  
 By this are view'd  
 The very Ground & Caus  
 Of sacred Laws,  
 All Ages too, Thoughts, Counsels, & Designs ;  
 So that no Light in Hev'n more clearly shines.

¶ *Walking.*

To *walk* abroad is, not with Eys,  
But Thoughts, the Fields to see & prize ;  
    Els may the silent Feet,  
        Like Logs of Wood,  
Mov up & down, & see no Good,  
    Nor Joy nor Glory meet.

Ev'n Carts & Wheels their place do change,  
But cannot see ; tho very strange  
    The Glory that is by :  
        Dead Puppets may  
Mov in the bright & glorious Day,  
    Yet not behold the Sky.

And are not Men than they more blind,  
Who having Eys yet never find  
    The Blifs in which they mov :  
        Like Statues dead  
They up & down are carried,  
    Yet neither see nor lov.

To *walk* is by a Thought to go ;  
To mov in Spirit to & fro ;  
    To mind the Good we see ;  
        To taste the Sweet ;  
Observing all the things we meet  
    How choice & rich they be.

To note the Beauty of the Day,  
And golden Fields of Corn survey ;  
    Admire each pretty Flow'r  
        With its sweet Smell ;  
To prais their Maker, & to tell  
    The Marks of His Great Pow'r.

To fly abroad like activ Bees,  
Among the Hedges & the Trees,  
    To cull the Dew that lies  
        On evry Blade,  
From evry Bloffom ; till we lade  
    Our *Minds*, as they their *Thighs*.

Obferv thofe rich & glorious things,  
The Rivers, Meadows, Woods, & Springs,  
    The fructifying Sun ;  
        To note from far  
The Rifing of each Twinkling Star  
    For us his Race to run.

A little Child thefe well perceivs,  
Who, tumbling in green Grafs & Leavs,  
    May Rich as Kings be thought :  
        But there's a Sight  
Which perfect Manhood may delight,  
    To w<sup>ch</sup> we fhall be brought.

While in thofe pleafant Paths we talk  
'Tis *that* tow'rds w<sup>ch</sup> at laft we walk ;  
But

For we may by degrees  
    Wisely proceed  
Pleasures of Lov & Prais to heed,  
From viewing Herbs & Trees.

---

¶ *The Dialogue.*

Q. Why dost thou tell me that the fields are mine?

A. Becaus for thee the fields so richly shine.

Q. Am I the Heir of the Works of Men?

A. For thee they drefs, for thee manure them.

Q. Did I my self by them intended see,  
That I the Heir of their Works should be,  
It well would pleas ; But they themselvs intend :  
I therfore am not of their Works the End.

A. The reall Benefit of all their Works,  
Wherin such mighty Joy & Beauty lurks,  
Derives its self to *thee* ; to *thee* doth com,  
As do the Labors of the Shining Sun ;  
Which doth not think on *thee* at all, my Friend,  
Yet all his Beams of Light on *thee* do tend :  
For *thee* they shine & do themselvs display ;  
For *thee* they do both make & gild the Day ;  
For *thee* doth rise that glorious Orb of Light ;  
For thee it sets, & so givs way for Night ;  
That glorious Bridegroom daily shews his face,  
Adorns the World, & swiftly runs his Race,  
Disperseth



Disperſeth Clouds, & raiſeth Vapors too,  
 Exciteth Winds, diſtills the Rain & Dew,  
 Concocteth Mines, & makes the liquid Seas  
 Contribute Moiſture to the neighb'ring Leas,  
 Doth quicken Beaſts, revive thy vital Powers,  
 Thruiſts forth the Graſs, & beautifies thy Flowers,  
 By tacit Cauſes animats the Trees,  
 As they do Thee ſo he doth cheriſh Bees,  
 Digelteth Mettals, raiſeth Fruit & Corn,  
 Makes Rivers flow, & Mountains doth adorn :  
 All theſe it doth, not by its own Deſign,  
 But by thy God's, w<sup>ch</sup> is far more divine ;  
 Who ſo diſpoſeth Things, that they may be  
 In Hev'n & Earth kind Miniſters to Thee :  
 And tho the Men that toil for Meat, & Drink,  
 And Cloaths, or Houſes, do not on Thee think ;  
 Yet all their Labors by His heavenly Care  
 To Thee, in Mind or Body, helpful are :  
 And that God thus intends thy ſingle Self,  
 Should pleas thee more, than if to heap up Wealth  
 For Thee, all Men did work, & ſweat, & bleed ;  
 Mean Thee alone (my Friend) in ev'ry Deed.

---

### ¶ *Dreams.*

'Tis ſtrange ! I ſaw the Skies ;  
 I ſaw the Hills before mine Eys ;  
 The Sparrow fly ;

The

The Lands that did about me ly ;  
The reall Sun, *that* hev'nly Ey !  
Can closed Eys ev'n in the darkeſt Night  
See throu their Lids, & be inform'd with Sight ?

The Peeple were to me  
As tru as thoſe by day I ſee ;  
As tru the Air,  
The Earth as ſweet, as freſh, as fair  
As that which did by day repair  
Unto my waking Senſe ! Can all the Sky,  
Can all the World, within my Brain-pan ly ?

What ſacred Secret's this,  
Which ſeems to intimat my Blifs ?  
What is there in  
The narrow Confines of my Skin,  
That is alive & feels within  
When I am dead ? Can Magnitude poſſeſs  
An activ Memory, yet not be leſs ?

May all that I can ſee  
Awake, by Night within me be ?  
My Childhood knew  
No Difference, but all was Tru,  
As Reall all as what I view ; (ſtrange  
The World its Self was there. 'Twas wondrous  
That Hev'n & Earth ſhould ſo their place exchange.  
Till

Till *that* which vulgar Sense  
 Doth falsely call Experience,  
     Distinguish't things:  
 The Ribbons, & the gaudy Wings  
 Of Birds, the Virtues, & the Sins,  
 That represented were in Dreams by night  
 As really my Senses did delight,

Or griev, as those I saw  
 By day: Things terrible did aw  
     My Soul with Fear;  
 The Apparitions seem'd as near  
 As Things could be, & Things they were:  
 Yet were they all by Fancy in me wrought,  
 And all their Being founded in a Thought.

O what a Thing is Thought!  
 Which seems a Dream; yea, seemeth Nought,  
     Yet doth the Mind  
 Affect as much as what we find  
 Most near & tru! Sure Men are blind,  
 And can't the forcible Reality  
 Of things that Secret are within them see.

Thought! Surely *Thoughts* are tru;  
 They pleas as much as *Things* can do:  
     Nay Things are dead,  
 And in themselvs are severed  
 From Souls; nor can they fill the Head  
 Without our Thoughts. Thoughts are the Reall things  
 From whence all Joy, from whence all Sorrow springs.  
*The*

¶ *The Inference.* I.

Well-guided *Thoughts* within possess  
 'The Treasures of all Blessedness.  
*Things* are indifferent ; nor giv  
     Joy of themselvs, nor griev.  
 The very Deity of God torments  
     The male-contents  
 Of Hell ; 'To th' Soul alone it provs  
 A welcom Object, that Him lovs.  
*Things tru* affect not, while they are unknown :  
 But *Thoughts* most sensibly, tho quite alone.

Thoughts are the inward Balms or Spears ;  
 The living Joys, or Grievs & Fears ;  
 The Light, or els the Fire ; the Theme  
     On which we pore or dream.  
 Thoughts are alone by Men the Objects found  
     That heal or wound.  
 Things are but dead : they can't dispense  
 Or Joy or Grief : Thoughts ! Thoughts the Sense  
 Affect & touch. Nay, when a Thing is near  
 It can't affect but as it doth appear.

Since then by Thoughts I only see ;  
 Since Thought alone affecteth me ;  
 Since these are Reall things when shewn ;  
     And since as Things are known

Or

Or thought, they pleas or kill : What Care ought I  
 (Since Thoughts apply  
 Things to my Mind) those Thoughts aright  
 To frame, & watch them day & night ;  
 Suppressing such as will my Conscience stain,  
 That *Hev'nly Thoughts* me *hev'nly Things* may gain.

Ten thousand thousand Things are dead ;  
 Ly round about me ; yet are fled,  
 Are absent, lost, & from me gon ;  
 And those few Things alone,  
 Or griev my Soul, or gratify my Mind,  
 Which I do find  
 Within. Let then the Troubles dy,  
 The noisom Poisons buried ly :  
 Ye Cares & Griefs avaunt, that breed Distress ;  
 Let only those remain w<sup>ch</sup> God will blefs.

How many Thoufands see the Sky,  
 The Sun & Moon, as well as I ?  
 How many more that view the Seas,  
 Feel neither Joy nor Eas ?  
 Those Things are dead & dry & banished.  
 Their Life is led  
 As if the World were yet unmade :  
 A Feast, fine Cloaths, or els a Trade,  
 Take up their Thoughts ; &, like a groffer Skreen  
 Drawn o'r their Soul, leav better Things unseen.  
 But

But O ! let me the Excellence  
 Of God, in all His Works, with Sense  
 Discern ; Oh ! let me celebrat  
     And feel my blest Estate :  
 Let all my Thoughts be fixt upon His Throne ;  
     And Him alone  
 For all His gracious Gifts admire,  
 Him only with my Soul desire :  
 Or griev for Sin. That with du Sense, the Pleasure  
 I may possess of His Eternal Treasure.

---

## II.

*David* a Temple in his Mind conceiv'd ;  
 And that Intention was so well receiv'd  
 By God, that all the Sacred Palaces  
 That ever were did less His Glory pleas.  
 If Thoughts are such ; such Valuable Things ;  
 Such reall Goods ; such human Cherubins ;  
 Material Delights ; transcendent Objects ; Ends  
 Of all God's Works, w<sup>ch</sup> most His Ey intends.  
 O ! What are Men, who can such Thoughts produce,  
 So excellent in Nature, Valu, Use ?  
 Which not to Angels only grateful seem,  
 But God, most Wise, himself doth them esteem  
 Worth more than Worlds ? How many thousand may  
 Our Hearts conceiv & offer evry Day ?  
 Holy Affections, grateful Sentiments,  
 Good Resolutions, virtuous Intents,

Seed-plots of activ Piety; He values more  
 Than the Material World He made before.  
 To such as these the Blessed-Virgin-Mother  
 Of God's own Son, (rather than any other)  
 Apply'd her Mind; for, of her pious Care  
 To treasure up those Truths w<sup>ch</sup> she did hear  
 Concerning Christ, in thoughtful Heart, w're told;  
 But not that e'r with Offerings of Gold  
 The Temple she enricht. This understood,  
 How glorious, how divine, how great, how good  
 May we becom! How like the Deity  
 In managing our Thoughts aright! A Piety  
 More grateful to our God than building Walls  
 Of Churches, or the Founding Hospitalls:  
 Wherin He givs us an Almighty Power  
 To pleas Him so, that could we Worlds create,  
 Or more new visi'ble Earths & Hev'ens make,  
 'Twould be far short of this; w<sup>ch</sup> is the Flower  
 And Cream of Strength. This we might plainly see,  
 But that we Rebels to our Reason be.  
 Shall God such sacred Might on us bestow?  
 And not employ't to pay the Thanks we ow?  
 Such grateful Offerings able be to giv;  
 Yet them annihilat, & God's Spirit griev?  
 Consider that for All our Lord hath don,  
 All that He can receiv is this bare Sum  
 Of God-like Holy Thoughts: These only He  
 Expects from Us, our Sacrifice to be.

*The City.*

What Structures here among God's Works appear !  
Such Wonders *Adam* ne'r did see  
In Paradife among the Trees,  
No Works of Art like these,  
Nor Walls, nor Pinnacles, nor Houses were.  
All these for me,  
For me these Streets & Towers,  
These stately Temples, & these solid Bowers,  
My Father rear'd :  
For me I thought they thus appear'd.

The City, fill'd with People, near me stood ;  
A Fabrick like a Court divine,  
Of many Mansions bright & fair ;  
Wherin I could repair  
To Blessings that were Common, Great, & Good :  
Yet all did shine  
As burnisht & as new  
As if before none ever did them view :  
They seem'd to me  
Environ'd with Eternity.

As if from Everlasting they had there  
Been built, more gallant than if gilt  
With Gold, they shew'd : Nor did I know  
That they to Hands did ow



Themselves. Immortal they did all appear  
Till I knew Guilt.  
As if the Publick Good  
Of all the World for me had ever stood,  
They gratify'd  
Me, while the Earth they beautify'd.

The living Peeple that mov'd up & down,  
With ruddy Cheeks & sparkling Eys;  
The Musick in the Churches, w<sup>ch</sup>  
Were Angels Joys (tho Pitch  
Defil'd me afterwards) as my chief crown  
I then did prize:  
These only I did lov  
As do the blessed Hosts in Heaven above:  
No other Pleasure  
Had I, nor wish'd for other Treasure.

The Hevens were the richly studded Case  
Which did my richer Wealth inclose;  
No little privat Cabinet  
In which my Gems to set  
Did I contrive: I thought the whol Earth's face  
At my Dispose:  
No Confines did include  
What I possesst, no Limits there I view'd;  
On evry side  
All endles was which then I spy'd.

'Tis Art that hath the late Invention found  
 Of shutting up in little Room  
 Ones Endless Expectations: Men  
 Have in a narrow Penn  
 Confin'd themselvs: Free Souls can know no Bound;  
 But still presume  
 That Treasures evry where  
 From Everlasting Hills must still appear,  
 And be to them  
 Joys in the New *Jerusalem*.

We first by Nature all things boundless see;  
 Feel all illimited; and know  
 No Terms or Periods: But go on  
 Throughout the Endless Throne  
 Of God, to view His wide Eternity;  
 Ev'n here below  
 His Omnipresence we  
 Do pry into, *that* Copious Treasury.  
 Tho men have taught  
 To limit & to bound our Thought.

Such Treasures as are to be valu'd more  
 Than those shut up in Chests & Tills  
 Which are by Citizens esteem'd,  
 To me the People seem'd:  
 The City doth encreas my glorious Store,  
 Which sweetly fills  
 With choice Variety  
 The Place wherin I see the same to be;

And

And strangely is  
A Mansion or Tower of Bliss.

Nor can the City such a Soul as mine  
Confine; nor be my only Treasure:  
I must see other Things to be  
Of my Felicity  
Concurrent Instruments, & all combine  
To yeild me Pleasure.  
And God, to gratify  
This Inclination, helps me to descry  
Beyond the Sky  
More Wealth provided, & more high.

---

¶ *Insatiableneß.* I.

No Walls confine! Can nothing hold my Mind?  
Can I no Rest nor Satisfaction find?  
Must I behold Eternity  
And see  
What Things above the Heav'ns be?  
Will nothing serve the Turn?  
Nor Earth, nor Seas, nor Skies?  
Till I what lies  
In Time's beginning find;  
Must I till then for ever burn?

Not

Not all the Crowns ; not all the heaps of Gold  
 On Earth ; not all the Tales that can be told,  
 Will Satisfaction yield to me :

Nor Tree,  
 Nor Shade, nor Sun, nor *Eden*, be  
 A Joy : Nor Gems in Gold,  
 (Be't Pearl or precious Stone,)  
 Nor Spring, nor Flowers,  
 Answer my *Craving* Powers,  
 Nor any Thing that Eys behold.

Till I what was before all Time descry,  
 The World's Beginning seems but Vanity.  
 My Soul doth there long Thoughts extend ;  
 No End

Doth find, or Being comprehend :  
 Yet somewhat sees that is  
 The obscure shady face  
 Of endless Space,  
 All Room within ; where I  
 Expect to meet Eternal Blifs.

## II.

This busy, vast, enquiring Soul  
 Brooks no Controul,  
 No Limits will endure,  
 Nor any Rest : It will all see,  
 Not Time alone, but ev'n Eternity.  
 What is it ? Endless sure.

'Tis

'Tis mean Ambition to desire  
A single World:  
To many I aspire,  
Tho one upon another hurl'd:  
Nor will they all, if they be all confin'd,  
Delight my Mind.

This busy, vast, enquiring Soul  
Brooks no Controul:  
'Tis very curious too.  
Each one of all those Worlds must be  
Enrich'd with infinit Variety  
And Worth; or 'twill not do.

'Tis nor Delight nor perfect Pleasure  
To have a Purse  
That hath a Bottom in its Treasure,  
Since I must thence endless Expence disburse.  
Sure there's a God (for els there's no Delight)  
One Infinit.

---

### § *Consummation.*

The Thoughts of Men appear  
Freely to mov within a Sphere  
Of endless Reach; and run,  
Tho in the Soul, beyond the Sun.  
The Ground on w<sup>ch</sup> they acted be  
Is unobserv'd Infinity.

Traverfing

Traversing throu the Sky,  
Tho here, beyond it far they fly :  
Abiding in the Mind  
An endless Liberty they find :  
Throu-out all Spaces can extend,  
Nor ever meet or know an End.

They, in their native Sphere,  
At boundless Distances appear :  
Eternity can measure ;  
Its no Beginning see with Pleasure.  
Thus in the Mind an endless Space  
Doth nat'rally display its face.

Wherin becaus we no  
Object distinctly find or know ;  
We fundry Things invent,  
That may our Fancy giv content ;  
See Points of Space beyond the Sky,  
And in those Points see Creatures ly.

Spy Fishes in the Seas,  
Conceit them swimming there with Eas ;  
The Dolphins & the Whales,  
Their very Finns, their very Scales,  
As there within the briny Deep  
Their Tails the flowing Waters sweep.

Can

Can see the very Skies,  
As if the same were in our Eys;  
The Sun, tho in the Night,  
As if it mov'd within our Sight;  
One Space beyond another still  
Discovered; think while ye will.

Which, tho we don't descry,  
(Much like by night an useles Ey,  
Not shaded with a Lid,  
But in a darksom Dungeon hid)  
At last shall in a glorious Day  
Be made its Objects to display

And then shall Ages be  
Within its wide Eternity;  
All Kingdoms stand,  
Howe'r remote, yet nigh at hand;  
The Skies, & what beyond them ly,  
Exposed unto ev'ry Ey.

Nor shall we then invent  
Nor alter Things; but with content  
All in their places see,  
As doth the Glorious Deity;  
Within the Scope of whose Great Mind,  
We all in their tru Nature find.

*Hofanna.*

¶ *Hofanna.*

No more shall Walls, no more shall Walls confine  
 That glorious Soul which in my Flesh doth shine :  
     No more shall Walls of Clay or Mud,  
         Nor Ceilings made of Wood,  
 Nor Cryſtal Windows, bound my Sight,  
 But rather ſhall admit Delight.  
     The Skies that ſeem to bound  
         My Joys & Treasures,  
 Of more endearing Pleaſures  
 Themſelves becom a Ground:  
 While from the Center to the utmoſt Sphere  
 My Goods are multiplied evry where.

The Deity, the Deity to me  
 Doth All things giv, & make me clearly ſee  
     The Moon & Stars, the Air & Sun  
         Into my Chamber com :  
 The Seas & Rivers hither flow,  
 Yea, here the Trees of *Eden* grow,  
     The Fowls & Fiſhes ſtand,  
         Kings & their Thrones,  
     As 'twere, at my Comand ;  
     God's Wealth, His Holy Ones,  
 The Ages too, & Angels all conſpire :  
 While I, that I the Center am, admire.



No more, No more shall Clouds eclyps my Treasures,  
 Nor viler Shades obscure my highest Pleasures ;  
 No more shall earthen Hufks confine  
     My Bleffings w<sup>ch</sup> do fhine  
*Within* the Skies, or els *abov* :  
 Both Worlds one Heaven made by Lov,  
     In common happy I  
         With Angels walk  
     And there my Joys efpy ;  
     With God himfelf I talk ;  
 Wondring with Ravifhment all Things to fee  
 Such *Reall* Joys, fo truly *Mine*, to be.

No more shall Trunks & Difhes be my Store,  
 Nor Ropes of Pearl, nor Chains of Golden Ore ;  
     As if fuch Beings yet were not,  
         They all fhall be forgot.  
 No fuch in Eden did appear,  
 No fuch in Heaven : Heaven here  
     Would be, were thofe remov'd ;  
         The Sons of Men  
     Liv in Jerufalem,  
     Had they not Baubles lov'd.  
 Thefe Clouds difperf'd, the Hevens clear I fee:  
 Wealth new-invented, *mine* fhall never be.

Tranfcedent Objects doth my God provide,  
 In fuch convenient Order all contriv'd,

That

That All things in their proper place  
 My Soul doth best embrace,  
 Extends its Arms beyond the Seas,  
 Above the Hevens its self can pleas,  
 With God enthron'd may reign:  
 Like sprightly Streams  
 My Thoughts on Things remain;  
 Ev'n as from vital Beams  
 They reach to, shine on, quicken Things, & make  
 Them truly Usefull; while I *All* partake.

For Me the World created was by Lov;  
 For Me the Skies, the Seas, the Sun, do mov;  
 The Earth for Me doth stable stand;  
 For Me each fruitful Land,  
 For Me the very Angels God made *His*,  
 And *my* Companions in Blifs;  
 His Laws command all Men  
 That they lov Me,  
 Under a Penalty  
 Severe, in case they mis: :  
 His Laws require His Creatures all to prais  
 His Name, & when they do't be most my Joys.

### ¶ *The Review.* I.

Did I grow, or did I stay?  
 Did I prosper or decay?

When

When I so  
 From *Things* to *Thoughts* did go?  
 Did I flourish or diminish,  
 When I so in *Thoughts* did finish  
 What I had in *Things* begun;  
 When from God's Works to think upon  
 The Thoughts of Men my Soul did com?  
 The Thoughts of Men, had they been Wise,  
 Should more delight me than the Skies:  
 They mighty Creatures are  
 For these the Mind  
 Affect, afflict, do eas or grind;  
 But foolish Thoughts ensnare.

Wise ones are a sacred Treasure;  
 Tru ones yield Substantial Pleasure:  
 Compar'd to them,  
 I *Things* as *Shades* esteem.  
 False ones are a foolish Flourish,  
 (Such as Mortals chiefly nourish)  
 When I them to *Things* compare,  
 Compar'd to *Things*, they Trifles are;  
 Bad Thoughts do hurt, deceiv, ensnare;  
 A good Man's Thoughts are of such price  
 That they create a Paradise:  
 But he that misemploys  
 That Faculty,  
 God, Men, & Angels doth defy:  
 Robs them of all their Joys.

II.

My Child-hood is a Sphere  
Wherin ten thousand hev'nly Joys appear :  
Those *Thoughts* it doth include,  
And those Affections, which review'd,  
Again present to me  
In better sort the *Things* that I did see.  
Imaginations *Reall* are,  
Unto my Mind again repair :  
Which makes my Life a Circle of Delights ;  
A hidden Sphere of obvious Benefits :  
An Earnest that the Actions of the Just  
Shall still revive, & flourish in the Dust.

*FINIS.*



## NOTES

THE DEDICATION. *Stanza 3, l. 9, by the shift: corr. from being chang'd.*

*The name at the foot has been crossed out and then rewritten.*

THE AUTHOR TO THE CRITICAL PERUSER. *l. 3, transparent Words, : the supposed comma is continuous with the s, but is probably to be read as a comma, since the sense requires it*

*l. 15. That Gold on Gold, &c.: an allusion to the rule of heraldry that a metal must not be charged on a metal nor a colour on a colour.*

*l. 21. Zamzummim: cf. Deut. ii. 20.*

*l. 38. admire, but not: but is a later insertion. Traherne was fond of scanning syllables like ire, ore as dissyllables.*

*l. 42. They over-look: They has possibly been corr. to (hardly from) this.*

*l. 43. flight: corr. from hide.*

*l. 46. more precious Eys: more precious corr. from their useful. The next line originally read Their precious Hands, their Tongues & Lips divine.*

*After the last line the following four lines have been crossed out:—*

To help such faulty Eys I thus address  
Truths common, tho not heeded, to thy View;  
Shew (corr. from Act) the Divine cloath'd in (corr. from under)  
a Poet's Drefs;

Whom Precepts cannot, Poëms may renew.

*These lines appear in an altered form as stanza 4 of The Publisher to the Reader. The original signature to the present poem seems to have been P. T. The present T. T. was written above the deleted lines, after their deletion. The poem certainly bears a strong resemblance in style to Thomas Traherne's work.*

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER. *Stanza 3, l. 6, the Earth: apparently corr. from this Ayrrh (sic?).*

*Stanza 5. Written on the back of the title-page.*

l. 5. Thanks : a corr., probably from Prais.

l. 6. me : corr. from him. After this poem P. T. has been deleted.

P. 1. THE SALUTATION. Dobell, p. 1. Note that Dobell's stanza 6 is here omitted.

P. 2. Stanza 4. For the sentiments cf. e. g. Cent. of Med. I. 66.

P. 3. WONDER. Dobell, p. 4. With this poem cf. e. g. Cent. of Med. III. 1 ff.

P. 4. Stanza 5, l. 4, all : corr. from were (as in Dobell).

l. 6. Corr. from And evry Thing w<sup>ch</sup> here I found. The original reading, which is in Dobell, was a foot too long.

Stanza 6, ll. 7, 8. Rather awkward. That apparently means Amazement. After met we are presumably to understand me. In Dobell the line reads That and my wealth was everywhere.

P. 5. Stanza 8, l. 4. Corr. from In undivided Wealth combine. The correction damages the metre, as the line is now a foot too short. In Dobell it is a foot too long:—

Did not divide my joys, but all combine.

EDEN. Dobell, p. 8.

P. 7. INNOCENCE. Dobell, p. 11.

P. 8. Stanza 1, l. 9, exempt from Fear : corr. from that knew no Fear, itself a corr. from & Purity. In l. 11 clear is a corr. from bright. Cf. Dobell. The corrections were made to make the lines rhyme as in the corresponding part of other stanzas.

Stanza 3, l. 1. Corr. from No inward inclination did me (corr. from I) fill (corr. from feel) ; cf. Dobell.

l. 3. With : corr. from In ; fill'd : corr. from taken up.

P. 9. Stanza 4, l. 4, of's : corr. from of his.

Stanza 5, l. 8, to mee : inserted later.

P. 10. Stanza 5, l. 12, I must becom : O that I were is written below this, as an alternative reading, but the original reading has not been crossed out.

AN INFANT-EY. Not in Dobell, but cf. note on p. xc of his edition, where he mentions a reference to it in his folio volume, viz. 'An Infant Eye, p. 1.' This is at the end of 'Innocence'. Apparently the poem was to be inserted there, as here.

*Stanza 1, l. 6, dispencc: doth is understood from l. 3.*

*Stanza 2, l. 1. very crossed out before Beams and indeed inserted later.*

*Stanza 3, l. 1, they: a correction.*

*P. 11. Stanza 5, ll. 5, 6. The sequence of thought is somewhat obscure. Perhaps the meaning is that the capacity to be blown by the wind implies body, and that body, having weight, naturally tends downwards.*

*Stanza 7, ll. 2, 3. to corr. from can and Can cease from Enough.*

*l. 6. Reacht: corr. from Reachd and that from Had.*

*P. 12. THE RETURN. Not in Dobell.*

*Stanza 1, l. 6, could: corr. from outwar (for outward).*

*Stanza 2, l. 6, yet: corr. from like a. I may is apparently corr. from fo.*

*P. 13. THE PRÆPARATIVE. Dobell, p. 14.*

*Stanza 1, l. 4, or (first): corr. from my, as in Dobell.*

*l. 5, these: corr. from my, as in Dobell.*

*Stanza 2. For the comparison of the soul to the sun cf. Cent. of Med. II. 71.*

*P. 14. Stanza 3, l. 5, tru: corr. from fair, as in Dobell.*

*P. 15. Stanza 6, l. 1, nativ: corr. from empty, as in Dobell. Before Corruption, did is crossed out (cf. Dobell, did nothing loath).*

*THE INSTRUCTION. Dobell, p. 18.*

*P. 16. THE VISION. Dobell, p. 20.*

*P. 18. Stanza 7, l. 3. Portion is a trisyllable.*

*P. 19. THE RAPTURE. Dobell, p. 23.*

*P. 20. NEWS. Dobell, p. 122.*

*Stanza 1, l. 13, change: corr. from leav (cf. Dobell).*

*l. 14. meet: corr. from hear.*

*Stanza 2, l. 2. wished is a later insertion.*

*P. 21. Stanza 3, l. 7, left: corr. from here, as in Dobell.*

*l. 8. thought all: corr. from saw that, as in Dobell.*

*l. 10. Corr. from I thirsted after Blifs.*

*l. 11. Deeming: corr. from And (cf. Dobell).*



P. 22. FELICITY. *Not in Dobell.*

Stanza 3, l. 2, Soul: *corr. from Ey.*

l. 4. Which doth at once: *corr. from At once it hath.*

l. 5. with: *corr. from &.*

P. 23. ADAM'S FALL. *Not in Dobell; presumably the poem referred to as 'Adam, p. 12', in his note on p. xc. The title is corrected from Misapprehension; so too the catchword on the previous page.*

Stanza 1, l. 6, Theme: *corr. from Truth.*

P. 24. *The first verse of The Apostasy (see p. 29) has been written here and then crossed out. There are two variations from the text on p. 29:—l. 4, One Sun which is abov in Glory seen; l. 9, Having (corr. from Hath).*

P. 25. THE WORLD. *Not in Dobell.*

Stanza 2, l. 11, request: *corr. from desire.*

P. 26. Stanza 4, l. 8. *Corr. from Set in enamel'd Gold most curiously, which is a foot too long.*

l. 9. *Corr. from More costly seem to me, which is a foot too short.*

l. 10. they: *corr. from it.*

l. 11. *Accounted was at first written (higher than esteem'd) and then struck out; these corr. from it.*

Stanza 5, l. 1. *This read at first The Skies above so sweetly then did smile. This was first altered to The . . . Skies did with so sweet a smile; the adjective before Skies was then crossed out and The azure written above; and finally this was in turn crossed out and The azure Skies written below.*

P. 27. Stanza 5, l. 11, Lord: *corr. from Prince, which was probably a mere slip of the pen.*

Stanza 6, l. 9, his nimble Rays: *corr. from w<sup>ch</sup> he displays.*

Stanza 7, l. 4, With mixt: *A was first written and a blank left after it. Bestow was then written above and finally corrected to the present reading.*

P. 28. Stanza 9, l. 12, doth: *corr. from will.*

P. 29. THE APOSTACY. *Not in Dobell as a whole, but stanzas 5 and 6 are given on p. 154, under the title Bliss, and with many variants. In Mr. Dobell's folio MS. they are crossed out as if for*

deletion. Probably they were the germ of the whole poem, and were crossed out when the scheme had been expanded.

Stanza 2, l. 4, those : corr. from they.

l. 6. I : corr. from My.

Stanza 3, l. 1. A correction. The original reading is not clear.

P. 30. Stanza 4, l. 6, & such like fine : corr. from & Bowls of Wine ; & was first corrected to nor and then restored.

l. 7. could : corr. to did and then restored

Stanza 5, l. 7, such : corr. from are, as in Dobell.

l. 8. As : corr. from So, as in Dobell.

Stanza 6, l. 8, Such : the first letter is corr. from T (for Those, as in Dobell).

P. 31. Stanza 7, l. 2, know : corr. from knew.

Stanza 8, l. 5, never : corr. from were.

l. 6. useless : the first letter corr. from y (for ydle)

P. 32. SOLITUDE. Not in Dobell. Cf. with this poem Cent. of Med. III. 23.

Stanza 3, l. 7, any Mirth : corr. from Comfort me.

l. 8. Corr. from I pin'd for hunger at a plenteous Board.

P. 33. Stanza 6, l. 7, and let me see : corr. from at least point out my. The correction, therefore, was made before *Som Joy* was written.

l. 8. altho a Boy : at first corrected to tho but a Boy ; afterwards the original reading was restored.

P. 34. Stanza 7, l. 8. Corr. from To giv no Answer unto my Desire.

Stanza 9, l. 3, thence : corr. from those.

l. 7. I : corr. from that.

l. 8. Corr. from Derive to find Help for my Mind.

P. 35. Stanza 12, l. 3, Can satiate : corr. from Will never sate.

P. 36. Stanza 13, l. 3, that tru : corr. from what is.

l. 5. Those : corr. from The.

Stanza 14, l. 3, chang'd : corr. from change.

l. 7. A : a correction, just possibly (but hardly) from The ; betray : corr. from display, itself corr. from afford.

P. 37. POVERTY. Not in Dobell.

Stanza 2, l. 12, Moon : a correction, perhaps from the.

P. 38. Stanza 3, l. 3, craving : corr. from pleased.

*l. 12. wanting : corr. from absent.*

*Stanza 4, l. 9. A later insertion.*

*P. 39. DISSATISFACTION. Not in Dobell.*

*P. 40. Stanza 3, l. 12, & those of: corr. from glutted with.*

*l. 13. After Complaints, & Fears, was written and then crossed out; Good : the first letter corr. from T.*

*Stanza 4, l. 13. Above the beginning of this line Meer outward Shew was written and then crossed out.*

*P. 41. Stanza 5, l. 11. Corr. from Here all men are in doubt.*

*l. 12. And crossed out at the beginning.*

*l. 13. all or : corr. from if they.*

*P. 42. Stanza 7, l. 3, Springs : the first letter corr. from T (for Things).*

*Stanza 8, l. 5. The first For this is a later addition.*

*P. 43. THE BIBLE. Not in Dobell.*

*Stanza 1, l. 2, am : corr. from was.*

*CHRISTENDOM. Not in Dobell.*

*P. 44, Stanza 2, l. 3. After Quiet, Rest, or was written and then crossed out.*

*l. 10. that : corr. from left.*

*Stanza 3, l. 6, Feathers, & Farthings : corr from Fine Feathers, Farthings.*

*P. 45. Stanza 4, l. 9, my own : corr. from reall.*

*Stanza 5, l. 5, New : corr. from Shops,.*

*l. 7. Corr. from No Wall, nor Bounds. In the next line furround; is apparenly corr. from furrounds,.*

*P. 46. Stanza 8, l. 4, kindly : a later insertion.*

*P. 47. Stanza 10, l. 5, By : corr. from While; so too the catch-word on the previous page.*

*Stanza 12, l. 6, Measure : sic, but perhaps s has been lost at the end by the cutting of the pages in binding.*

*P. 48. ON CHRISTMAS-DAY. Not in Dobell.*

*P. 49. Stanza 4, l. 3, The : corr. from His.*

*l. 5. with : corr. from doth.*

*l. 6. A Season : corr. from At Times; Season is wristen in the line, after Times.*

*P. 50. Stanza 5, l. 5, Wherby : corr. from With; so too the catchword.*

*Stanza 6 : on p. 51, originally stanza 8. The stanzas have been numbered to show the present order, and lines are drawn to mark the position of this stanza after stanza 5.*

*l. 6. doth : corr. from did.*

*Stanza 7, l. 7, Both : a correction ; the original word ended with ede.*

*P. 51. Stanza 7, l. 10, A living Branch & : corr. from A Branch of the tru Vine.*

*Stanza 8, l. 6, For this : corr. from Therefore do Men.*

*Stanza 9, l. 5, the : corr. from thy.*

*P. 52. BELLS. I. Not in Dobell.*

*Stanza 1, l. 9, lifelefs : the li corr. from Po(w'rlefs?).*

*P. 53. Stanza 3, l. 3, leaving : corr. from rousing fr(om).*

*P. 54. II. Not in Dobell.*

*P. 56. CHURCHES. I. Not in Dobell.*

*l. 1. Above this line Weie there (the beginning of part II) has been written by mistake and deleted.*

*l. 6. His Great : corr. from Christian.*

*l. 10. wherwith is a later insertion. A blank was left after a and has been filled with a dash.*

*l. 11. In : corr. from By (probably corr. to In) many.*

*l. 13. After The, stately was written and deleted.*

*l. 15. With so much Art & Cost : corr. from much Cost & Art it gra( ).*

*l. 24. After this the following line was written and then crossed out :—Throu out all Ages b'ing (a later insertion) with Strength made fure.*

*P. 57. II. Not in Dobell.*

*Stanza 1, l. 3, should : f corr. from m(ight).*

*l. 15. that Holy : corr. from unto that.*

*Stanza 2, l. 3, Rich Merchants : corr. from fine Ladies.*

*l. 9. We is crossed out before Princes.*

*P. 58. Stanza 2, l. 15, An : corr. from And.*

*Stanza 3, l. 4. After this the following line has been crossed out :—In this rich Vale, nigh yonder Grove.*

*l. 6. men : corr. from we.*

*l. 7. To them : corr. from With.*

*l. 12. After this, the two last lines (Ungrateful, &c.) were written and then deleted.*

*l. 13. After object, th(e) was written and crossed out.*

*P. 59. MISAPPREHENSION. Not in Dobell.*

*Stanza 1, l. 1, wife : corr. from wifer.*

*Stanza 2, l. 3, spy : corr. from see.*

*P. 60. Stanza 3, l. 11, grown : corr. from gon(e).*

*Stanza 5, l. 2, Compass : the first letter corr. from P.*

*P. 61. THE IMPROVMENT. Dobell, p. 25.*

*P. 62. Stanza 3, l. 1. Corr. from His wisdom shines (first corr. to His Wisdom's Great) in spreading out the Sky. So (except forth for out) Dobell.*

*l. 2. Corr. from His Power's great in ordering the Sun, as in Dobell.*

*l. 4. Thing : corr. from Work, as in Dobell.*

*Stanza 5, l. 4. The second half corr. from & are Our Common Treasures. This was first altered to & are Our chiefest Pleasures. The final alteration leaves the line a syllable short. Probably they should have been inserted before are.*

*P. 63. Stanza 7, l. 1, where : corr. from there, as in Dobell. After this stanza Dobell has one not found here.*

*P. 64. Stanza 12, l. 5. After virtually, were has been deleted; cf. Dobell, were well discern'd.*

*THE ODOUR. Not in Dobell ; see p. xc, note.*

*Stanza 1, l. 3, wear : this was altered and afterwards restored; the alteration was apparently to use.*

*P. 65. Stanza 2, l. 5. Corr. from For Use ye permanent remain.*

*Stanza 3, l. 3, solid : the first letter corr. from p (perfect ?).*

*l. 4. Corr. from From Fire rise a flame.*

*P. 66. Stanza 7, l. 5. After at, a has been deleted.*

*Stanza 8, l. 3, And b'ing : corr. from They are.*

*Stanza 9, l. 2 : fragrant is a later insertion. The line was a foot short without it.*

*P. 67. Stanza 10, l. 2. d (does ?) deleted before is.*

*l. 5. Corr. from Where ere thou movest there the Scent I find. The line was first corrected to Where thou dost move aright, &c.*

ADMIRATION. *Not in Dobell.*

P. 68. Stanza 2, l. 6. *Corr. from Be overcom.*

l. 7, By : *corr. from With.*

Stanza 4, l. 4, to : *corr. from that.*

P. 69. THE APPROACH. *Dobell, p. 30.*

Stanza 1, l. 6. *Corr. from Which may not well be own'd by God my King. The sense of the revised reading seems to be that the presence of God gives an added value to everything.*

Stanza 3, l. 5. *Corr. from But most at last that thou. The omission of of all (cf. Dobell) was probably accidental.*

P. 70. Stanza 4, l. 4, Much griev'd : *corr. from Griev'd much, as in Dobell.*

Stanza 5, ll. 3, 4. *Corr. from*

And looking (*corr. from as I*) back on former time

Do plainly recollect His Thoughts & Mine.

Stanza 7, l. 1, Of : *corr. from Those, as in Dobell.*

P. 71. NATURE. *Dobell, p. 49.*

l. 6. *Corr. from He bid me His Works, &c.*

l. 10. Eternity : *corr. from Infinity.*

l. 18. trace Infinity : *corr. from all Eternity. Dobell's text has all Infinity.*

l. 23. *Corr. from Secur'd from rough & raging Storms of Night; cf. Dobell.*

l. 26. Glory spreading : *corr. from Beams extending.*

P. 72, l. 33, in : *corr. from with, itself corr. from here.*

l. 44. Seem'd : *first letter corr. from W (Was, Dobell).*

l. 48. wide : *corr. from vast. The corrected reading agrees with Dobell's text.*

ll. 55, 56. *Inserted in the margin, from bottom to top of the page.*

P. 73, l. 67. *After With, many was written and then crossed out.*

ll. 71, 72. *For this comparison of the world to a cabinet cf. Cent. of Med. V. 3; also here, p. 122.*

l. 73. wide : *corr. from large, as in Dobell.*

l. 78. th' August : *corr. from the fair, as in Dobell.*

P. 74. EAS. *Dobell, p. 53.*

Stanza 4, l. 3, like a glorious Robe : *corr. from are (so Dobell) a curious (?) Drefs.*

l. 4. Adorn : *corr. from Adorning, as in Dobell.*

P. 75. DUMNESS. Dobell, p. 33. Before this Insert here ¶ Right Apprehension from page 82 has been written and then crossed out. In this MS. the poem so called is actually on p. 85. The present poem is shorter in this MS. than in Dobell's text, several couplets being omitted in various places.

l. 8. Such : *corr. from Those ; as : corr. from that.* In both cases Dobell's text agrees with the original version here.

P. 76, l. 17, my : *corr. from the.* The corrected reading agrees with Dobell's text.

P. 77, l. 49, Yer : Dobell's text reads here Before which time a pulpit in my mind. Clearly yer is a dialectal form of ere, but it is not given in Halliwell or in Wright's Dialect Dictionary. Both these works, however, contain analogous forms, e.g. yere = ear or heir, yerth = earth, yernest = earnest, &c.

P. 78. MY SPIRIT. Dobell, p. 41.

P. 81. Stanza 6, l. 3, display : *corr. from convey, as in Dobell ; so too, in the next line, force from self.*

l. 12. what : *corr. from tho, as in Dobell.*

P. 82. Stanza 7, l. 16, this : *corr. from ther ; within perhaps corr. from they ; cf. Dobell, There they are useful and Divine.* In the next line Is is apparently a correction from A (Are ?).

SILENCE. Dobell, p. 37.

P. 83, l. 25. Corr. from To signify his hearty Thanks, & Lov.

l. 26. best : *corr. from High, as in Dobell.*

l. 30. Heart : a correction, probably from Soul.

l. 38. very is a later insertion : *cf. Dobell, The life and glory.* A letter seems to have been erased before 'State.

l. 40. a fitting : *corr. from an humble.*

P. 84, l. 57. After No, Gall was written and then crossed out

l. 59. Tainted : *corr. from Ap(proached) ; cf. Dobell.*

P. 85. RIGHT APPREHENSION. Not in Dobell.

Stanza 1, l. 3, the : t perhaps *corr. from o (our).*

Stanza 2, ll. 6, 7. Corr. from For Silver, Gold, | And Pearl. The second line was not finished, and the present reading was substituted.

P. 86. Stanza 3, l. 8. Corr. from The Only Wealth we Madmen do refuse.

*Stanza 4, l. 6, living: corr. from Watry.*

*l. 7. liquid: corr. from living; after that, riseth was written and then crossed out.*

*Stanza 5, l. 6. Corr. from With clarity.*

*l. 7. Each way: corr. from Both ways; the cancelled letters are underlined, not crossed out.*

*P. 87. Stanza 8, l. 8, And: corr. from 'Gainst.*

*Stanza 9, ll. 7, 8. Corr. from*

In his Obduratenefs, nor yields  
Obedience to the Hevens like the Fields.

*P. 88. Stanza 10, l. 2, &: corr. from hard.*

*Stanza 11, l. 1, Happy: H corr. from B(lessed).*

II. *Dobell, p. 46.*

*P. 89. FULNESS. Dobell, p. 47.*

*l. 7. Creation: scanned as four syllables.*

*P. 90. SPEED. Dobell, p. 55.*

*P. 91. Stanza 5, l. 2. After now, eclypst has been deleted; perhaps it was a mere slip of the pen.*

*P. 92. THE CHOICE. Dobell, p. 57.*

*Stanza 1, l. 9, such: f corr. from w (which, as in Dobell).*

*Stanza 2. Somewhat obscurely expressed. It in l. 5 seems to be Eternity, and is apparently the subject also of be in l. 7. The sense is that by giving us Truth in our infancy (should her in l. 2 be emended to our?) Eternity, as soon as revealed to us, might prepossess our minds against treasures of inferior worth, and might be ours as long as we follow Truth.*

*P. 93. Stanza 4, l. 4, i' th': a correction, perhaps from in, as in Dobell, or from th'.*

*P. 94. THE PERSON. Dobell, p. 60.*

*P. 95. Stanza 3, l. 2, this: corr. from these (Dobell those).  
So Treasure from Treasures.*

*l. 5. do pleasure: corr. from are pleasures, as in Dobell.*

*l. 7. Much: first letter corr. from F (Far, Dobell).*

*l. 12. Limbs: corr. from Hands, as in Dobell.*



l. 14. Left : a slip of the pen for Lefs. This and the preceding line were first written at the beginning of the next page (Lefs correctly written) and then crossed out and inserted here.

P. 96. Stanza 3, l. 16, so : corr. from do.

At the bottom of this page, after The Person, the following poem or part of a poem (not in Dobell) has been written and then crossed out. It is in a smaller script than the preceding, and was perhaps a later insertion.

¶ The Image.

If I be like my God, my King,  
 (Tho not a Cherubim,)  
 I will not care,  
 Since all my Pow'rs derived are  
 From none but Him.  
 The best of Images shall I  
 Comprised in Me see ;  
 For I can spy  
 All Angels in the Deity  
 Like me to ly.

P. 97. THE ESTATE. Dobell, p. 63.

Stanza 1, l. 13, God : corr. from Soul.

Stanza 2, l. 13, for : corr. from while, as in Dobell.

l. 14. made : corr. from for.

P. 98. Stanza 3. In Dobell another stanza, here omitted, comes before this.

l. 2. The End : corr. from And Ends, as in Dobell.

l. 10. A : MS. An, owing to a correction. The line first ran An Heart that is always (cf. note on next line). This was first altered to An Heart that duly pays, and then to the present reading, but An was inadvertently left unaltered.

l. 11. Homage to Him: Homage and Him are corrections and to is a later insertion. The original word, which began with A, was probably a participle after is. The reading of these lines in Dobell is very different. So too in the following stanza.

Stanza 4, l. 5, Our : corr. from And serv our.

l. 6. For : corr. from Fitted to.

P. 99. THE EVIDENCE. Not in Dobell ; cf. his note on p. xci.

*Stanza 3, l. 4, wherin : corr. from in which.*

*l. 5. may : corr. from might.*

*P. 100. Stanza 3, l. 9, Lov : corr. from Life.*

THE ENQUIRY. *Dobell, p. 67.*

*Stanza 3, l. 6. After Palm-Trees, mixt was written and then crossed out.*

*P. 101. Stanza 5, l. 3, better : corr. from richer.*

*Stanza 6, l. 1, those : corr. from such, as in Dobell.*

SHADOWS IN THE WATER. *Not in Dobell.*

*Stanza 1. The last two lines were first written on this page and then crossed out and rewritten on p. 102.*

*P. 102. Stanza 2, l. 3, the : the first letter corr. from I.*

*l. 6. or : corr. from &.*

*Stanza 3, l. 4, As freely : corr. from Freely.*

*P. 103. Stanza 6, l. 3. The original order was To View tho it did not exceed, but the present one is indicated by a line ; to View is a correction, apparently from For tho (or the).*

*Stanza 7, l. 3, there may be : corr. from are fertile.*

*l. 6. In those : corr. from Dwell in.*

P. 104. ON LEAPING OVER THE MOON. *Not in Dobell.*

*Stanza 1, l. 2, yea : corr. from &.*

*P. 105. Stanza 1, l. 3, And : corr. from Another ; so too the catchword.*

*l. 7. The mention of 'the King's high-way' below (stanza 3) seems to indicate that this 'Travel' was in England rather than abroad (on the journey to or from Smyrna). If so, this would show the poem to have been written before the end of 1670 (unless Philip Traherne paid a visit to England between then and his brother's death) ; for it seems probable that the reference is to Philip ; cf. the Introduction.*

*Stanza 2, l. 9. At the beginning Like Icarus was written and then crossed out ; nimble is a later insertion, and takes a correction.*

*l. 10. feigned Horfe : corr. from Wings or Oars.*

*P. 106. Stanza 4, l. 4, beneath : corr. from believ, which was probably a mere slip of the pen. A letter seems to have been erased before ly.*

ll. 7, 8. *Corr. from*

On Earth abov. Yet bold he briskly (b *corr. from f for*  
swiftly) runs  
And soon the Danger overcoms.

Stanza 6, ll. 5, 6. *Corr. from*

We then should be  
Exalted high.

P. 107. Stanza 7, l. 3, fly: a correction, perhaps from rise. After this stanza, a ¶ has been placed, as if for the beginning of a fresh poem.

Stanza 8, l. 2, going: *corr. from went.*

P. 108. SIGHT. Not in Dobell.

Stanza 1, l. 3, Place: *corr. from Space.*

Stanza 2, l. 5, In: *corr. from Of.*

P. 109. Stanza 4, l. 7, That had no Bound: *corr. from As*  
certainly, which was then rewritten after it.

P. 110. Stanza 6, l. 7, Reason: *corr. from Nature.*

P. 111. WALKING. Not in Dobell.

Stanza 1, l. 2, the: *corr. from to see &c.*

P. 112. Stanza 5, l. 3, each: *corr. from the; so Flow'r from*  
Flow'rs.

l. 4. its: *corr. from their.*

l. 5. To prais: *corr. from To celebrat, which made the line a*  
foot too long.

Stanza 8, l. 2, in green: *corr. from among.*

P. 113. Stanza 9, l. 3, For: *corr. from But. The original*  
catchword has inadvertently been left unaltered.

THE DIALOGUE. Not in Dobell.

l. 9. all is a later insertion. At first their was scanned as  
a dissyllable, like Heir in l. 3, &c.

l. 17. *Corr. from For thee that glorious Orb of Light doth rise.*

l. 18. sets, & so: *corr. from runs its Cour(s).*

P. 114, l. 24, the neighb'ring Leas: *corr. from thy Plants & Trees.*

l. 37. heavenly Care: *corr. from Conduct yield.*

l. 40. At first Is more obliging was written and then crossed  
out, the present line being written below.

l. 41. For Thee: *corr. from All men.*

DREAMS. *Not in Dobell.*

P. 117. THE INFERENCE. I. *Not in Dobell. With this and the preceding and following poems cf. the various poems called Thoughts in his edition. Cf. 100 Cent. of Med. I. 55, II. 90, &c.*

Stanza 1, l. 7. *Corr. from Of Hell; and only those doth mov (?)*.

l. 10. *tho : a correction, apparently from when.*

P. 118. Stanza 3, ll. 7-10. *The original reading was*

Things to my mind) those Thoughts aright to frame,  
That Hev'nly Thoughts me hev'nly Things may gain.

Stanza 5, l. 10. *O'r-shade their Soul, that all was first written and then crossed out, the present line being written below. In the present line Soul is a correction from Eye.*

P. 119. II. *Not in Dobell.*

ll. 1-4. *Cf. Dobell, Thoughts II, stanza 3 (p. 101).*

l. 5. *Valuable : corr. from Great.*

l. 9. *Thoughts : corr. from Things.*

P. 120. ll. 19-21 (*to Mind*) : *corr. from*

By these the Blessed-Virgin (& no other)  
Obtain'd the Grace to be the happy Mother  
Of God's own Son.

*For Blessed- was first substituted Holy-, and then crossed out.*

l. 23. *Heart : corr. from Mind.*

l. 33. *Or more : a later insertion.*

P. 121. THE CITY. *Not in Dobell.*

Stanza 1, l. 10, *I thought : a later insertion. With the two following stanzas cf. Cent. of Med. III. 3.*

P. 122. Stanza 4, l. 5, *as my chief crown : corr. from did then me crown:.*

Stanza 5, l. 9, *On : corr. from B(ut).*

P. 123. Stanza 6, l. 3, *Endless : corr. from boundless.*

Stanza 7, l. 9. *Corr. from Tho we are taught.*

Stanza 8, l. 4, *To : corr. from The.*

P. 124. Stanza 8, l. 10. *Mansion is a trisyllable.*

Stanza 9, l. 4, *Of : corr. from For.*

*l. 6. yeild : corr. from do.*

INSATIABLENESS. I. *Not in Dobell; cf., for this and II, Cent. of Med. I. 22.*

*Stanza 1, l. 9, find : corr. from hid.*

*P. 125. II. Not in Dobell.*

*P. 126. Stanza 3, l. 3, very : corr. from huge(ly).*

*Stanza 4, l. 3, in : corr. from of.*

CONSUMMATION. *Not in Dobell.*

*P. 127. Stanza 2, l. 1, Traverfing : corr. from Extended. The latter was also the catchword first written; it was crossed out when the correction here was made, but by an oversight Traverfing was not inserted. As, however, it was clearly intended, it has been inserted in the text.*

*Stanza 5, l. 5, there : corr. from they.*

*P. 128. Stanza 7, l. 2, ufelefs : corr. from idle.*

*Stanza 8, l. 5, ly : corr. from be; so what from what's. The E of Exposed corr. from L.*

*Stanza 9, l. 6, Nature : the N seems to be a correction.*

*P. 129. HOSANNA. Not in Dobell.*

*Stanza 1, l. 3. Before Walls, earthy was written and then crossed out.*

*P. 130. Stanza 4, l. 2, Ropes : corr. from Chains.*

*l. 12. Wealth : W corr. from In(vented).*

*P. 131. Stanza 5, l. 10, Ev'n as fom : corr. from Or els like.*

*l. 12. Usefull : a correction, apparently from Ufelefs, which was presumably a slip of the pen.*

*Stanza 6, l. 6. Companions is scanned as four syllables.*

THE REVIEW. I. *Not in Dobell.*

*P. 132. Owing to the binding the ends of several lines on this page are invisible, and in such cases the punctuation or absence of punctuation is conjectural. These lines are :—stanza 1, ll. 11, 15, stanza 2, ll. 9, 10.*

*P. 133. II. Not in Dobell.*

*l. 6. that : corr. from which.*













